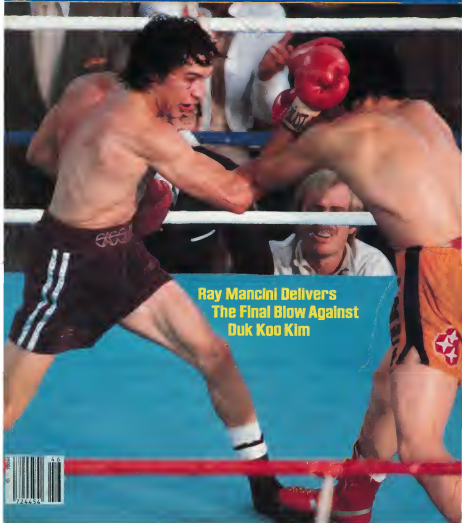


Sports Illustrated

NOVEMBER 22, 1982 \$1.50

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



PUTNAM, BACK AT THE FIFTH STREET GYM

Associate Writer Pat Putnam's piece on WBA junior welterweight champion Aaron Pryor (SL Nov. 8) took him to McAfee, N.J., and the following week's cover story on Sugar Ray Leonard's retirement found him in Baltimore. No knocks, of course, on either locale, but Putnam was very happy to escape to Miami last week to cover the Alexis Arguello-Pryor bout (page 34 in this issue). "It was in Miami that I got my start in the newspaper business," Putnam says. "Those were the salad days. Meaning I was green."

"In the fall of '54 I found myself in Miami with a traveling carnival, working what they call the 'flat stores,' or games—the buckles and swingers—and I decided to look for another job. I sent in two applications, one for truck driving, at \$85 a week, and the other to be a copy boy at *The Miami Herald*, for \$32.50. The morning I got a telegram asking me to report to the *Herald*, I gave up \$52.50."

Putnam credits Bob Elliott, the *Herald's* tough and demanding executive sports editor, with making him a sports-writer. "It took me two weeks to get up the nerve to ask him to teach me," Putnam remembers. "Do you think you can?" I said. To which Elliott replied, "Why the hell not?" If it hadn't been for him, I'd be driving that truck."

When Putnam joined our staff in

1968, he sent Elliott a telegram that read, "It's not I joining *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, it's you." "The best present I ever received," Elliott says.

"In the '50s, you had to cover a beat on your own time," Putnam says. "I'd do eight hours on the desk and then be at the gym from five p.m. to two a.m. I never missed a day at either."

Putnam quickly became a regular at the Fifth Street Gym, then run by Chris and Angelo Dundee. "It was amazing," recalls Angelo. "He just blended into the scene, doing a hell of a number. He had superb rapport with the fighters, a real camaraderie, and he was so perceptive."

In those days there was a real fight show every week in Miami. The best came in—Willie Pastrano, Luis Rodriguez, Ralph Dupas, Florentino Fernandez. "It was like going to grad school," says Putnam, and by the first Cassius Clay-Sonny Liston fight in 1964, he was up to turning Liston into a pushover. "Sonny was one mean s.o.b.," Chris recalls. "He didn't trust the news guys at all, and Pat just cut him down to size." If Pat not only cut Liston down to size, he also was the only one in a local pool to foresee Liston losing to Clay.)

In his 14 years with SI Putnam has covered a wide variety of sports all over the world, but it was last week, back in Miami, that he got the word he is the front-runner for the 1982 Nat Fleischer Memorial Award for excellence in boxing writing, that decision to be announced next month.

The symbol at the top of page 82—the opener of Ray Kennedy's profile of LAOOC President Peter Ueberroth—is that of the '84 Summer Olympics. Its appearance marks the beginning of SI's pre-Games coverage, and it will henceforth be used to denote all stories that have Olympic import. Similarly, the symbol of the '84 Saragosa Winter Olympics will be affixed to pieces pertaining to those Games.

Philip D. Howard

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Sideline

by DAVID MCQUAY

THOUGH THE EAGLES DON'T PRACTICE, THEIR RECORD IS CLOSE TO PERFECT

The offensive guard and team captain shows up for the weekly game wearing a 10-gallon hat, a red cape and bikini briefs and riding his 7-year-old daughter's hobbyhorse. One of the linebackers is 46. Some of the players have beer bellies. Mention discipline and a tight end laughs hysterically. The team has practiced just twice in 3½ years.

It's a team you'd expect Hunter Thompson to coach, but there must be a method to the madness. The Eagles of Wilkens House, a small bar in northeast Baltimore, have won three national flag-football championships in as many years, racking up a 62-8 record, and they've only been in business four years.

"We always lose the openers, it happens every year," says Mike Creaney, who was a second team All-American tight end at Notre Dame in the early '70s. "Those are our practice games. We only show up an hour beforehand. If we ever really practiced, we'd be scary."

Practice? Who needs to practice? Seven of the 32 Eagles made it to the NFL or WFL, and most of the rest were college stars who had pro tryouts. Running Back Lou Carter played five years in the NFL with the Oakland Raiders and the Tampa Bay Buccaneers. Wide Receiver Vince Kinney was a Denver Bronco for two seasons. Frank Russell, another wide receiver, spent one preseason with the New York Jets. Greg Schum, a 280-pound defensive end, was with the Dallas Cowboys when they beat the Broncos in the 1978 Super Bowl, and ended his career with the New England Patriots. John Racci, a 300-pound defensive end, was with the Florida Blazers in the WFL until the team ran out of money and stopped paying its players in the middle of the 1974 season. Offensive Guard Tim Brannan played five years with the Blazers, the Washington Redskins, the Detroit Lions and the Broncos.

The few Eagles who never made the pros certainly had no lack of desire. A few could be called obsessed with the game. Construction worker Mike Davidson, the 46-year-old linebacker, never played college ball and lost speed as he

got older, so he now runs two miles a day and does wind sprints something repugnant to most Wilkens House players to keep his body as hard as that of any NFL rookie. John Adessa, a quarterback who played for Columbus, drives from his home in Atlanta, where he works as a sales manager for Kodak, to Baltimore every weekend just to play flag.

Brannan, who owns Wilkens House, is notorious for his eccentric pregame wardrobe, hunger for victory and disdain for practice. "We practiced in college," he says. "We called a practice here once, and only seven guys showed up."

After Brannan was cut from the Broncos in 1977 and realized his pro career was finished, he bought Wilkens House. But he missed playing football, and he joined a local flag-football team on which he found an old acquaintance, Frank Calotta, a former middle guard at Villanova who was cut by the Jets in 1966 and has been playing flag ever since.

That team might as well have been coached by the Baltimore Colts' Frank Kush. "You had to watch films, come to practice twice a week, work out on the blocking sleds, the whole bit," Calotta says. But after one season, he and Brannan decided that this wasn't how they wanted to play the game. So they started their own team by recruiting former college and professional teammates, many of whom had played at the University of Maryland with Brannan. They raided the semipro Baltimore Eagles when that team disbanded.

The result is the first team in the history of the U.S. Flag Football Association to win three championships in a row. "Teams try to outpretty us by wearing nice uniforms and flying in chartered jets," Creaney says, "but we outpersonnel everybody." The players, however, are used to tackling football and have had to readjust to the rules of flag. A defensive player must snatch an 18-inch adhesive flap from the waist of the ballcarrier to stop the play. Tackling is illegal. Blocking must be done with both feet firmly planted on the ground. There are only nine players per team (there is also a seven-man version)—five linemen and four backs on offense. Most of the rules adhere to the NCAA's, however, including the option of attempting one- or two-point PATs.

When Brannan first heard about flag football he thought it was "a sissy sport." A broken nose and a sprained ankle

continued



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changed his opinion. Now he says, "It's almost as rough as pro football."

"Once in a while you play against some guys who think they could've played in the pros, and they want to prove that to you," says Carter, who broke most of the rushing records at Maryland in the early '70s. "They go after you. I play and have a good time. I don't want to hurt anybody."

Some opposing players, however, have charged that Wilkens House plays too rough. "We've got a lot of guys coming out of tackle football," says Coach Don Warthen of Wilkens House, "and they've had a hard time adjusting to just grabbing flags. It's a natural reaction for them to hit low." In a recent 20-13 loss to Mitchell's Construction, three Wilkens House touchdowns were called back because of penalties.

"Wilkens House isn't too rough," USFFA Commissioner John Carrigan says. "They're physical. When you have a 275-pound lineman going up against a 195-pound guy, that's an 80-pound difference and it's going to get physical. They play hard and clean. Any other flag-football team can go out and recruit this talent if it wants to."

Wilkens House men have other talents, as well. The bar attracts players of every sport except marbles: football, softball, tug-of-war, soccer, bowling, basketball and a new sport called basketwall, which is played on a racquetball court. The slow-pitch softball team, led by 275-pound John Copenhaver's 114 home runs and 295 RBIs, finished with a 103-29 record and placed ninth in the national playoffs in September.

"I like to win," says Brannan, who only competes in football and tug-of-war. "I joke around before any game, but when I get out there on the field I'm all business."

Indeed, in a Baltimore tug-of-war competition last August held to raise money for a children's hospital, Wilkens House outtugged everybody. "I bought an *Encyclopaedia Britannica* service where they'll research special items just for you," Creamey says. "Timmy had me write them and have them research 'The History and Winning Techniques of Tug-of-War.' The *Encyclopaedia Britannica* wrote back and said, 'Be serious.'"

So Brannan learned how to play tug-of-war without the *Britannica*. Brannan and Culotta screamed orders at the tuggers like boot-camp sergeants, while an-

choring the line were 324-pound Bill Kazmaier, who has dead-lifted 886 pounds—a world super heavyweight record—and has been called "The World's Strongest Man," and John Gamble, the assistant strength coach of the University of Virginia's football team, who's been called the "World's Third Strongest Man." He can dead-lift 830 pounds. The winning technique of tug-of-war? Recruiting, my man, recruiting.

This year's softball budget was about \$25,000, the football budget for the 18-game season \$12,000. Some of Wilkens House's rivals claim the saloon pays its players, and Brannan concedes that he does pay some "travel expenses." Gamble and Kazmaier, who were flown in from Virginia and Atlanta for the tug-of-war, said they received nothing more than that. Local players say they get just enough dough for gas and refreshments, which are often on the house anyway. Culotta helps raise the money by organizing small fund-raising affairs, often roasts of his peers, but most of it comes out of Brannan's pocket. "I'll do it as long as I can afford it," he says. He says a semipro football team offered him \$800 a game to play for it, but he turned it down. "I'd rather play with my flag team for nothing," he says.

"Timmy's crazy," Ricca says.

All right, Timmy's crazy, but why do the other ex-pros and college standouts go out of their way to play flag football every Sunday for gas and beer money?

"Once you play at the top," says Carter, "you don't want to play semipro. It's better doing it for nothing. I just enjoy playing flag."

"Most of these guys have played college football, have had their day in the sun, and now most of them are over 25 and making an honest living. But they miss the game and can't go cold turkey," Ricca says. "They've got to let out the aggressiveness that's built up in their jobs during the week."

"I keep saying I'll play one more year," Culotta says. He has been playing flag football for more than 17 years, excluding time off for back operations. When I turned 30, my wife wanted me to stop. Now I'm 40 and she's saying that I'll stop. But I only know two things—sports and my business. [He's vice-president of sales for a computer company.] And if I didn't have them you could throw peanuts to me at the Baltimore Zoo."

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Footloose

by ALLAN POSPISIL

AN 11-MILE CROSS-COUNTRY RUN PUTS THREE SKIERS INTO SEVENTH HEAVEN

What makes New Hampshire's Wildcat Valley Trail a singular cross-country skiing adventure is the mile after mile of relentless downhill. The trail begins at the top of Wildcat Mountain and ends in the town of Jackson, 11 miles away. A skier encounters a vertical descent—3,345 feet—greater than at any other downhill ski area in the East, including the Olympic trails at New York's Whiteface Mountain. In addition, there is the thrill of mastering the switchbacked pitches high on the hill, and the stunning beauty of New Hampshire's backcountry.

But the trail is not for the novice—or even the intermediate—skier. "Most difficult," advises the trail map from the Jackson Ski Touring Foundation. "Skiers

should be in top physical condition before attempting the upper trail."

I wasn't about to try it alone, so late last winter I asked Brant Ludington, a part-time instructor at Whiteface, and Annie Bordash, who works at a ski shop in Jackson, to accompany me.

Most skiers who ride up the Wildcat gondola U-turn at the summit and ski down the patrolled, groomed slopes to the warm lodges and hot chocolate at the bottom. The only service we could expect was a first-aid cache a couple of miles downtrail. Brant lifted a barrier rope, sideslipped pastway down a chute of wind-hardened slab, turned his ski downhill and disappeared into the forest. A friend had told me not to be intimidated by that steep first pitch, that it wasn't indicative of the entire trail. I crossed my fingers and followed Brant, and Annie followed me.

The light dimmed as we slipped through the thick evergreens. The trail veered south along a sharp traverse, turned abruptly north, and in a small patch spot-

lighted by the sun switchbacked again and returned us to shadows.

We didn't have fresh snow, but the track had been resurfaced by the previous day's high winds. Blown snow had filtered evenly between the trees, creating conditions that Brant and Annie agreed were as fast as any they had ever experienced on the upper reaches of the trail. I had hoped for heavier, slower snow, but at least we didn't need to wax our skis.

Christmas-tree-size spruce crowded the edges of the trail, their lower branches weighed down by snow. Thickly needled spruce hold more snow than any other tree, and in the pockets and caverns formed beneath their boughs a variety of small wildlife live cozily.

Like a ribbon draped on the mountainside, the trail continued to weave through heavy forest in a succession of reverse corners and steep lines angling across the slope. Brant was in the lead and I watched him careen around the turns and slide from sight down the drop-



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offs that inevitably followed each bend. When he howled exultantly, I knew there were thrills ahead. My strategy then was to ski cautiously, weighting and stemming the downhill ski at the corners, easing the uphill ski around and aligning it for the pitch beyond. Anyone who believes that cross-country skiing is a tamer cousin of the downhill discipline cannot have gone down a zigzag mountain trail hardly wider than a ski pole. There is virtually no margin for error, and the potential for a wicked crash into an unyielding tree is high.

After about 30 minutes of continuous switchbacks, the toughest skiing was behind us. The evergreens thinned, the pitch eased and we glided through sunny woodlands—but away from the sheltering spruce, the snow conditions deteriorated. We skied over a wind-packed crust that sometimes collapsed under our weight, as we followed an aside through ranks of white birch, sailed down a sudden dip, and herringboned up a short, stiff climb, one of the few we would face all day. Then the downhill resumed.

We covered ground quickly and a short time later were at Hall's Ledge, reached by following a short spur off the main trail and a favorite stop for the view across Pinkham Notch to the bowls and ravines of Mount Washington. The spur was fast and icy, and at one sharp curve several rocks poked through the snow, but we all negotiated it safely and stopped briefly to admire the view. Then we skied back up the spur and stood at the crest of the swiftest, most sustained stretch of downhill running we would find, more than a mile and a half down an old farm road.

To control our speed we started off snowplowing, the skis forming sliding wedges ahead of us, but when we reached the lower half of the road, past an abandoned apple orchard, there were firm, machine-set tracks. This is about as far as the track-setting sleds of the Jackson foundation venture, and from here we crouched in downhill tucks and let the skis in the snow cradle the skis.

It seemed simple enough—let the skis run and hang on. But we were soon moving much faster than I'm accustomed to on cross-country skis, and every bump or rough spot threatened to throw me out of the tracks. I made two dramatic recoveries, and after a whistling run that covered several hundred yards but lasted only seconds, I spun to a skidding stop on a

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flat turnout. Annie, who had preceded me downhill, waited there. She waved a pole and pointed north. In a coil on a high ridge we could see, improbably tiny and distant, the Wildcat gondola station. We were halfway to Jackson.

Chilled from the swift skiing, we rested only a moment before striking off at a right angle back into the woods. We crossed a wooden bridge over an ice-blocked brook, swung around a corner and coasted through the trees to Carter Notch Road, where many Wildcat Valley Trail skiers arrange to be picked up after skiing the upper mountain.

Unfortunately, a landowner's barbed wire fence across the original trail required a detour on foot, down Carter Notch Road and left to the Jackson town dump. At this dismal sign of civilization we stopped to wax our skis and strip off a heavy layer of jackets and wind pants; for the rest of the way the trail, though still predominantly downhill, offered more conventional cross-country skiing, with longer flats and occasional uphills. But there was one hint that it might not all be easy going. Scrawled on one of the blue trail markers was a blunt warning: MAURICE, HE SAYS WATCH YOUR ASS.

Maurice, Brant told me, worked on the foundation's maintenance crew, and his advice was justified. The trail turned icy and climbed a sidehill strewn with exposed rocks. A foot of new snow might have made it skiable; as it was we side stepped and scrambled.

After this we encountered only one other arduous stretch, an area of massive windfalls (that have since been cleared), the debris of a winter windstorm that left more than a thousand trees across this and other trails operated by the foundation. We threaded our way through the surviving trees and emerged onto the skitracked fairway of a golf course, usually rather boring skiing but now a relief. It gave us our first opportunity to stretch and work the rhythmic kick-and-glides of the cross-country racer.

We raced the last quarter mile to the Jackson ski touring headquarters. My wool cap was soaked through with perspiration. The thermometer read 12°. Time from the top of Wildcat: about three and a half hours.

Anticipating the comforts of a Jackson tavern had picked our pace over the last several miles. Within minutes we were sitting by the fire warming our hands and feet, snug and satisfied.

END



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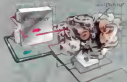
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WINNING AND CHEATING

There has been a lot of talk in recent days about whether it's necessary to cheat to win in college athletics. To understand what's behind that line of speculation, one need only note that the teams ranked first, second and sixth in SI's current college football poll, Georgia, SMU and Arizona State, respectively, are all on NCAA probation for recruiting violations, although only Arizona State is currently banned from appearing on TV. Add in the fact that Clemson, the defending national champion—and this week's 15th-ranked team—is reportedly about to be put on NCAA probation for recruiting violations and other transgressions (page 36), and you have what appears to be a damning comment on major-college athletics.

But is there a relationship between cheating and athletic success? Except for the case of Georgia, whose relatively minor recruiting violations were committed by an assistant coach, the allegations that got the above schools in trouble involved, in every instance, one or more infractions imputed to boosters, those zealous outside contributors who are often quick to bend the rules in the name of the universities they purport to serve. It further happens that the colleges with the best won-lost records are frequently those with the strongest booster clubs, one measure of that strength being that the clubs' activities are difficult for school administrators to control even when they're inclined to try. That helps put into perspective a point made by Harry Marmion, academic vice-president of Fairleigh Dickinson University in Rutherford, N.J. and a former director of the Commission on College Athletics of the American Council on Education. Although Marmion doesn't expressly claim that a precise relationship exists between cheating and intercollegiate athletic success, he seems to suggest as much when he says, "There's a direct correlation between the strength of the booster club and NCAA probation."

Those who deny a link between cheating and victory, on the other hand, are inclined to argue that the top football powers tend to get caught not because they're necessarily any more sinful than other schools but because they're such

inviting targets for stool pigeons and NCAA investigators. The gist of this argument is that "everybody does it," or as Clemson President Bill Lee Atchley, whose school's booster club, incidentally, is considered the strongest in the country, put it not long ago in defending the honor of his institution, "I honestly believe there's no university anywhere in the country. I don't care who it is, which hasn't violated something." Atchley seemed to be saying, in other words, that it's necessary to cheat not only to win but even to play. Somehow that doesn't sound like any less damning a statement on big-time college sports.

HOW, ON TO THE 11:30 BARRIER

A story in *The Orlando Sentinel* on Florida State Offensive Guard Stan Gavin reported, intriguingly, that during one of the Seminoles' preseason workouts, "Gavin—a muscular 5' 11" 240-pounder with powerful legs—recorded the fastest time in his weight division in the 12-minute run."

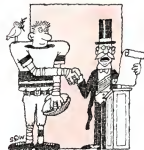
A COUPLE OF AWARDS

The *Mobile (Ala.) Press Register* is a conservative newspaper that regularly inveighs against pacifism, the United Nations and those it perceives to be soft on Communism. After the announcement that this year's Nobel Peace Prize would be conferred on two diplomats who have dedicated themselves to working for nuclear disarmament, Alva Myrdal of Sweden and Alfonso Garcia Robles of Mexico, the *Press Register* voiced its strong disapproval in an editorial in which it called the new laureates "a couple of jaded pacifists who live in a dream world." The editorial concluded that because of the choice of Myrdal and Garcia Robles, the Nobel Peace Prize "now ranks on a scale far beneath the Crichton Optimist Club High School Football Player of the Week award."

While we didn't get around to eliciting the reaction of Myrdal and Garcia Robles to that comparison, we did seek out Victor McSwain, a past president of the Crichton Optimist Club in Mobile. Just as we suspected, McSwain allowed that he and other Optimists had read the edi-

torial and were worried lest it be construed as a piddling of their club's high school football awards, which, he proudly noted, have been given over the years to such outstanding Mobile-area players as Richard Todd, Robert Brazile, Mike Fuller, Scott Hunter, Mardye McDole, Buddy Aydelette and Richard Custer, all of whom have gone on to the NFL.

"When I first read the editorial, I thought it could be interpreted two ways—either as derogatory to the Peace Prize or the Optimist club," McSwain said. "I called a friend of mine at the



Press Register who's a member of the club, and he talked to the guy who wrote the editorial. He said that we should take it in a good vein and that they weren't downgrading our program at all." Playing the diplomat himself, McSwain declined to compare his club's awards with the Nobel Peace Prize. But he did say, pointedly, "The Crichton Optimist Club high school awards program has a lot of prestige."

BARN THESE OBSCENE PHONE CALLS

Speaking of Alabama, a visitor to that football-mad state tells of a revealing exchange he heard on a Birmingham phone-in radio program the other day between a caller and the show's host. The dialogue, our informant says, went something like this:

Caller: "I spent this fall working on the

continued

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election campaign, and I just wish the people of Alabama could get half as excited about an election as they do about the Alabama football team."

Host labratory: "You're entitled to your opinion." Click

STEVE WHO?

The lords of baseball have never tired of complaining about free agency's supposed dire consequences. One of their beefs: By allowing stars to jump from one team to another, free agency undermines fan loyalty. And, of course, quite a few top players have taken advantage of free-agent status to switch teams. Pete Rose left the Reds to join the Phillies. Reggie Jackson bolted the Yankees for the Angels. And now Steve Garvey has abandoned the Dodgers. Garvey filed for free agency on Nov. 2, his negotiations with the Dodgers broke off four days later and he was chosen in last week's re-entry draft by the Yankees, Cubs, Padres and six other clubs, but not by the Dodgers. Goodbye, L.A. So long, Steve.

But there's reason to suspect that fan loyalty doesn't really depend all that much on whether a team hangs on to its big-name players. Fans want winners, and they can quickly become just as "loyal" to new stars as they were to the old ones. Besides, outstanding players have always moved from team to team, the only difference being that in the old days they did so as the result of being traded or sold by their owners. That last fact is substantiated by some surprising statistics. Of the 140 players who have been inducted into the Hall of Fame, only 31, or 22%, played their entire careers with just one team. In other words, for every Walter Johnson, Lou Gehrig, Joe DiMaggio, Ted Williams, Stan Musial and Sandy Koufax who stayed put throughout his career, there are four Hall of Famers who didn't. Ty Cobb may be forever identified with the Tigers, but he ended his playing days, remember, with the Athletics. And although Babe Ruth built Yankee Stadium, he started out with the Red Sox and finished with the Braves.

And what has the situation been during the seven years that free agency has been in effect? Of current players who as of next season will have played 10 or more years in the majors (the number required for Hall of Fame eligibility), SI has identified 25 with at least a remote chance of being inducted into Cooper-

stown and found that eight, or 32%, are still with their original clubs: Carl Yastrzemski, Johnny Bench, Phil Niekro, Jim Palmer, Mike Schmidt, Dave Concepcion, George Brett and Robin Yount. The 17 others on the list have—or will have—played for more than one team. They are: Garvey, Rose, Jackson, Tom Seaver, Gaylord Perry, Rod Carew, Steve Carlton, Buddy Bell, Ferguson Jenkins, Nolan Ryan, Joe Morgan, Jim Kaat, Carlton Fisk, Bill Madlock, Tommy John, George Foster, Don Sutton and Rollie Fingers.

The 32% figure can only decline as some of the current one-team stars—George Brett?—subsequently change uniforms. And there's reason to wonder whether up-and-coming stars with fewer than nine years experience, such as Ricky Henderson, Gary Carter and Fernando Valenzuela, might be quicker to change teams than their predecessors. One who thinks they will is Tom Haller, the San Francisco Giants' vice-president for baseball operations, who says, "A Niekro, a Palmer, a Yastrzemski come from the old school. There's more loyalty there. But I think that loyalty is diminishing year after year."

So far, however, outstanding players have tended to be more stable under free agency. That's true, by the way, not only of active players but also of the five recently retired players who, by our reckoning, need only complete the required five-year waiting period for their inevitable induction into Cooperstown. Three of those soon-to-be immortals, Willie McCovey, Lou Brock and Catfish Hunter, played for more than one club. But the other two, Brooks Robinson and Willie Stargell, stayed with their original teams even though both could have taken advantage of free agency in the twilight of their careers and switched clubs.

HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATE

The two chief eligibility requirements for representing the U.S. in the Ryder Cup, the biennial competition between the best men golfers from this country and Europe, are that players be native-born Americans and members of the PGA of America, that rarefied organization of club professionals that shouldn't be confused with the PGA Tour. In order to belong to the PGA of America, in turn, one must be a high school graduate. Such a requirement for playing in an interna-

tional golf tournament may strike some as anachronistic, elitist and irrelevant, but Calvin Peete, for one, hasn't complained. Instead, Peete, who comes from a family of 19 children and who dropped out of school in the eighth grade, has taken that rule as his cue for finally getting a high school diploma.

"I was aware of the [high school graduation] requirement when I first joined the tour," Peete says. "I'd always thought about getting my diploma, but I just hadn't done it. I needed to earn a living. A high school diploma was something I could only take pride in, but I had to play golf well to take care of my family."

The 40-year-old Peete took his high school equivalency test in Detroit this past summer, passed it and became a PGA of America member on Oct. 1. Peete was one of the hottest players on the 1982 tour, with four victories and \$318,470 in earnings, but because three of those wins occurred before Oct. 1, they don't count in the points standings for selection to the U.S. team for next summer's Ryder Cup. But he subsequently won the Pensacola Open and is still in a strong position to gain one of the team's 12 berths. Even if he doesn't make the team, of course, Peete will have his diploma to "take pride in." Which may be one of the few good things ever to be said about anachronism, elitism and irrelevance.

THEY SAID IT

◆ Billy Tubbs, Oklahoma basketball coach, on Sooner stars Chuckie Barnett and David Little, who ranked one-two in Big Eight scoring last season: "Chuckie's idea of good defense is taking the ball away from Little so he can shoot it."

◆ Larry Lucwell, Arkansas State football coach and protégé of Alabama's Bear Bryant, before his team's 34-7 loss to "Bama this season: "Coach Bryant had a lot to do with my getting into coaching, and he may have a lot to do with my getting out of it."

◆ Ed Neely, Kansas City Kings rookie, who's living with his parents in nearby Bonner Springs, Kans.: "I'm probably the only NBA player in history whose father drives him to and from practice."

◆ Lou Holtz, Arkansas football coach, explaining why his decision to alternate quarterbacks Tom Jones and Brad Taylor hasn't caused dissension: "We're united in a common goal—to keep my job." **END**



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Then All The Joy Turned To Sorrow

It was a glorious day in Vegas for Ray Mancini until he found what it had cost challenger Duk-Koo Kim

by **RALPH WILEY**

Ray (Boom Boom) Mancini held his swollen left hand in front of him like a jewel while shading his battered brow with his right. The bright lights were harsh and unwelcome. There were questions in Mancini's heart about what had just happened in the ring, though he didn't yet know the full horror of what had occurred. Was the WBA lightweight title he had just defended successfully against South Korea's Duk Koo Kim worth this? Was anything? "Why do I do it?" Mancini asked himself. "Why do I do this? I'm the one who has to wake up tomorrow and look at myself." He fingered the purple, misshapen area around his left eye. "A badge of honor," he said in a morbid tone. Minutes earlier, a less reflective Mancini had scored a technical knockout of Kim 19 seconds into the 14th round, and Kim had been carried from the outdoor ring at Caesars Palace in Las Vegas on a stretcher. This was to have been an epilogue to the Aaron Pryor-Alexis Arguello WBA junior welterweight title *continued*

As Mancini was hoisted triumphantly aloft, Kim slumped lifelessly in Green's grasp.





fight the night before. Tragically, it became a nightmare.

The 23-year-old Kim, who rained an incredible number of blows on Mancini and in return was pounded by even more, was injured by two right hands his head could not bear. Kim was taking just four breaths per minute when he was transported from the ring to an ambulance that was destined for Desert Springs Hospital.

Kim then underwent 2½ hours of

quite fresh," the neurosurgeon said on Saturday night. "The trauma was caused by one punch."

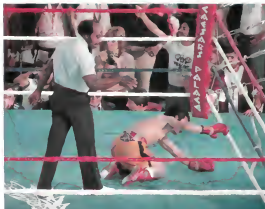
Dr. Hammargren had previously performed two similar operations, one on a Japanese kick boxer, the other on another fighter. "Both men wound up normal, but this outcome will be much worse. Mr. Kim had a right subdural hematoma," said Dr. Hammargren two hours after the surgery was completed. "He's very critical, with terminal brain damage. There is

severe brain swelling. The pressure will go up and up, and that will be it. He'll die. His pupils have been fixed since he arrived. We have him on the respirator now. His body responds slightly to painful stimulus, and that is the only real sign of life we've had. They tell me he fought like a lion in the 13th round. Well, nobody could fight like that with a blood clot on his brain."

As SI went to press Monday evening, Kim, who had almost no remaining brain



brain surgery, performed by Dr. Lonnie Hammargren, a local neurosurgeon, who removed a 100-cc. blood clot from the right side of Kim's brain. The clot, Dr. Hammargren said, was the result of a broken blood vessel and "due, in all probability, to one tremendous punch to the head." Had the punch been part of the 39-blow bombardment Mancini had delivered in the opening 50 seconds of the 13th round? Was it the first of the final two rights in the 14th? Or the second? Or could the damage have been done not by Mancini's fists but by Kim's head hitting the canvas after the final blow? Could Kim's brain have been damaged before the fight? "The hemorrhage was



function, was being maintained by a life-support system.

Kim had indeed fought like a lion. Through the 39 minutes of the previous rounds and those final 19 seconds, the crowd of 6,500 at Caesars was satiated with action, as was a CBS television audience. And everyone, especially co-promoter Bob Arum, seemed pleased when the fight was over. But later, at the hospital, Arum was somber. "Suspend boxing for a few months," he suggested, and he called for headgear for boxers and more heavily padded gloves. "Get a blue-chip medical panel to investigate this thing first, and then suspend boxing," Arum said. "It is the height of irresponsibility to allow this to happen, and the old excuses are not working."

Back at Caesars, Mancini learned of the severity of Kim's injuries and left his suite in the company of his parents and Father Tim O'Neill, the family priest, to seek refuge elsewhere.

Before the fight, Kim's training methods, which included hammering a tire with a sledgehammer 200 times daily and ingesting large amounts of ginseng and garlic, and his style had not impressed the boxing cognoscenti. His anonymity seemed to diminish his 17-1-1, eight-KO record and his No. 1 ranking by the WBA. But he was to become a haunting foe for Mancini, who now finds, eerily,

that he may fight Kim forever, and in doing so, fight himself.

Mancini is 5' 6" tall, the same as Kim. Mancini fought low. Kim fought lower. Mancini is righthanded. Kim lefthanded. There was a quarter-inch difference in reach, a half-pound in weight, little difference in power and absolutely none in approach. "It was murderous," said Mancini's manager, Dave Wolf, immediately after the bout, unaware at the time that the comment would soon take on a macabre ring. "It was like Ray was fighting a mirror. I hope the people who said Kim was nothing are impressed now."

Mancini was left with several impressions by the 14th round. In the third, an infrequent Kim right lead—or perhaps it was a clash of heads—ripped open Mancini's left ear. Blood spouted, and only ice and pressure by cornerman Paul Percifield kept the wound closed. In that same round, one of Mancini's left hooks caught Kim's head too high and at a bad angle. The hand, badly bruised by the blow, began to swell, eventually to twice normal size. In the eighth, Mancini's left eye began to puff and color.

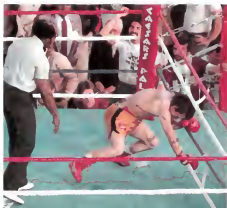
Kim's left hooks and slashing rights had exacted a toll, but Kim had been punished too, though he showed it less. When the fighters began the 14th, the mirror's image was still there. Mancini broke the pattern by stepping to the right as Kim's left whistled by. Mancini hooked his own wounded left ineffectually, but now Kim was off-center, exhausted and facing Mancini's corner. Mancini drove off his right foot and de-

livered the first of the final pair of rights on the point of the Korean's chin.

A glancing left hook followed, then a crushing right which sent Kim to the canvas. Kim landed heavily on his back and head, rolled over in slow motion, grabbed a maddie strand of the ropes and stared blankly at the timekeeper. Kim's eyes dilated while the outdoor stadium rocked in celebration. "He was desperate, and I was hoping. My left hand was killing me," Mancini said. "But I felt that first right all the way up my arm." Twice Kim failed to regain his footing, but somehow he beat the count. Referee Richard Green looked at Kim's unfocused eyes and buckling legs and stopped the fight. "He was not there, and I wasn't going to let him go any further," said Green, who has officiated half a dozen world title fights, including Larry Holmes-Muhammad Ali. Green was absolved of any blame for failing to stop the fight sooner by the attending ringside physician, Dr. Donald Romeo, who worked to revive Kim. Kim's cornermen had offered no protest when the fight ended. "He just wouldn't go down," one of them said. "He had great pride."

Perhaps Kim's pride had been too great. Wolf returned from the hospital eight hours after the fight, at 11 p.m., sobered. "Pol Tylgao [Kim's American representative and translator and agent for a number of Oriental fighters] told me that a couple of days before the fight, Kim had written 'Kill or be killed' in Korean on a lampshade in his room," Wolf said. "He was a warrior going to war. Appar-

continued



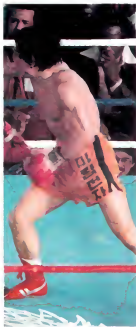
Throughout most of the fight, Kim held his own when he and Mancini went toe-to-toe.

ently he viewed this as a death match." Wolf then discounted Arum's suggestions. "I don't know what a blue-ribbon panel could do," he said. "It was not a case of defective equipment, or a fighter being allowed to go too far, or any impropriety. It was one or two unfortunate punches. And those rights at the end were not nearly the best punches Ray had thrown during the fight."

The youngest of five children born to the H.Y. Kims, rice and ginseng farmers, Kim came from Kang Won-Do province in Korea, 100 kilometers east of Seoul. "He was the strongest of the family's three sons," said H.R. Lee, a Korean journalist with the *Hankook Ilbo*, who traveled to Las Vegas with Kim's small entourage and a larger group of Korean partisans. "He was not injured before the fight. He was in the best condition of his life."

Kim had been a shoeshine boy, tour guide and baker's assistant before starting an amateur boxing career in 1976. His only hobby, according to Lee, was "music listening," but Tyglue said he also enjoyed reading. After a 29-4 amateur record, he turned professional in 1978.





Kim kept coming despite the telling effect of the shots Mancini threw to his body.

working with 100 other fighters in Seoul's Tong-a Gymnasium. He was the best of the lot and won the Orient and Pacific Boxing Federation lightweight title last February. He received \$20,000 to fight Mancini.

Mancini studied film of Kim and other southpaw fighters for weeks. "We figured he'd come out kamakaze," Mancini said. "After looking at the film, I didn't care what anyone said." Mancini's trainer, Murphy Griffith, declared, "I had Ray train as if it was the fight of his life."

So it was. Mancini started the first round with a booming left hook to the jaw, but Kim answered with two of his own, and the barrages from both sides continued for the first nine rounds, the only variation being target. When Man-

cini went to the liver or rib cage, Kim answered. Mancini hooked with the hooker and found the tactic somewhat lacking. Kim seemed to land the harder punches. At the end of the ninth, a left rocked Mancini back on his heels, and Kim extended his arms upward in exultation. "He was getting lower than me," Mancini said. "I was supposed to be off him, but a lot of times when a guy is sitting in front of you like that, you want to move in and shoot. But he was getting his punches off first." Said Griffith, "Ray had to adjust. We didn't know Kim would be that tough. He was skillful, smart. Ray couldn't get below him, where he likes to be. But Ray's physical conditioning determined the fight. By the 11th round, the guy was looking for the hook I told Ray to go with the right."

In fact, that decision had been made some 10 rounds earlier, when Mancini lost his hand. "Every time I hit him on the head, it killed me," Mancini said shortly after the battle, unaware of the terrible irony. The constant pounding from Mancini began to tell on Kim in the 10th, when Green took a point from Kim

for hitting-and-holding. Green was berated by Mancini's corner throughout the fight about that tactic, borderline low blows, hitting after the bell and Kim's headfirst rushes. "He wasn't dirty," insisted Mancini, who appeared to win every round from the 10th on. "Rough and tough, not dirty. We both hit heads. We both hit low. He was just the worst type of guy to fight." Said Wolf, "Already I can look back and see that [Green] did an excellent job."

By the 11th, though his left eye was purple and hideously swollen, Mancini had taken control of the fight. He fired a left hook that buckled Kim's knees, and now he began to land three punches to Kim's one. At one point Kim went to one knee, but Green correctly ruled it a push. Mancini ended the 12th scoring from a distance. He gave himself a clap and made an exaggerated nod at the end of the round. In the 13th, Mancini swarmed over Kim, starting the unanswered 39-punch sequence with a straight right hand. The right side of Kim's jaw ballooned and appeared to be broken, but he weathered that storm and even managed

continued

After a warning from Green, Kim bowed low in apology for some low blows to Mancini.

to punch out a weak combination. Then came the 14th, the sidestep and Mancini's initial right, apparently unseen by Kim. He reeled back, defenseless, and the second right landed point blank on his jaw.

"Let all these guys who are screaming for a piece of Ray settle with Kim first. A temporary champion would have lost to Kim today," Wolf said at the conclusion of the bout. Later, after spending four hours at the hospital and being told that Kim didn't have long to live, Wolf said, "Ray is taking this hard, and his parents are pretty shook up also. I haven't given a single thought to how this may affect Ray as a fighter, and maybe that sounds silly, but that's the last concern right now. How it affects him as a person is what concerns me. I do think he's a very strong kid and sometime in the future he will be able to look at this, in the context of great pain, and see that once he stepped into that ring with Kim there was nothing he could have done."

On Sunday morning, one hour before attending a mass conducted by Father O'Neill at the Tropicana Hotel, Mancini issued a statement on CBS, which had televised the fight. Dark glasses covering his closed left eye, his damaged hand resting on the arm of the couch in his suite, Mancini said, "I'm very saddened. I'm sorry it had to happen, and it hurts me bad that I was part of it. I hope they realize I didn't intentionally hurt him. I don't blame myself, but I can't alienate myself."

"I'm a Christian, and I've been praying that I'll get some answers to questions that have been popping through my mind," Mancini said softly. "I have to rely on my faith to get me through this. It could easily have been me, and who is to say that it won't be me next time? I'm not saying I'll retire, but right now I'm not thinking of future fights. I have to see what happens to Mr. Kim. I need time to heal."

This was to be one of the last of Man-



Mancini's face was a commentary on the savagery of the fight.

cini's modest purses—his career earnings were pushed over \$1 million by a \$250,000 guarantee against 45% of the gross revenue from the fight. Howard Davis was a likely springtime opponent. And then, of course, there was Pryor. Arguello, the only man to beat Mancini, is still the WBC lightweight champion. "I had always pictured myself coming back

his craft. Is Mancini, still impressionable at 21 and a young man for whom "money is no god," different? "They are both sensitive individuals," said Gil Clancy, CBS boxing analyst and former manager of Griffith, who happens to be the nephew of Mancini's trainer. "It took something out of Emilio Griffith," said Clancy. "Griffith got hate mail, but he got en-

and doing that to Alexis," Mancini had said while viewing Pryor's destruction of Arguello Friday night. "We'd be interested in Pryor," Wolf said at the time.

Emilio Griffith fought 80 times after Benny (Kid) Paret died following their fight on March 24, 1962. Griffith was 24 at the time of the Paret bout, a career fighter comfortably lost in



When the gravity of his condition became apparent, Kim was put on the stretcher.

couragement, too. Ray will have to deal with the same things," Murphy Griffith said. "For a while it was doubtful that Emile would ever come back. He was a sensitive man. But time heals. He had to realize that what happened wasn't his will. People say it affected him until the end of his career. I think it did. Man, you don't forget. Some can handle it, some can't. How it will happen in Ray's case, only time will tell. He's got a good head, but a human is a human."

Former heavyweight champion Max Baer never approached a fight with the same intensity following the death of Frankie Campbell soon after their fight in San Francisco on Aug. 24, 1930. Jimmy Doyle died 17 hours after fighting

At the hospital, CAT scans of the injury to Kim's head told Hammargren a grim story.



Sugar Ray Robinson for the welterweight crown in Cleveland on June 24, 1947. At a subsequent hearing Robinson was asked whether he knew he had Doyle in serious trouble. "They pay me to get them in trouble," said Robinson.

Mancini's box-office appeal had had nearly everyone who could make the weight calling him to try to get a fight. Despite his 24-1, 19-KO record, Mancini inspired confidence in contenders. Their pre-Las Vegas feelings can be summed up in the words of Hector Camacho, an undefeated junior lightweight from New York's Spanish Harlem. "You can't play Mancini cheap, he's the man right now," Camacho had said the night before the Mancini-Kim fight. "He's strong, he'll beat on you, but when the time comes he won't knock me out. He's the guy that will make me. He will make me. He's good, but he don't have that, you know, that greatness."

"Look, I know people either think I'm a bum or a superstar," Mancini had said. "I don't care what they think. I know where I am. Somewhere in between." Later, just before he'd heard the news of Kim's condition, Mancini decided something. "This badge of honor," he said, studying his face in the mirror. "Well, ugly as it is, I'm proud of it." Then the nightmare came. Now there are only questions with no simple answers. **END**

It Was A Pryor Engagement

by PAT PUTNAM

Alexis Arguello's 38-foot yacht lay at its berth at the King's Bay Yacht Club near Miami, its name, *The Champ*, lettered in gold on its transom. Also in gold were three crowns painted beneath the name. "You notice how the crowns are centered," Bill Miller, Arguello's agent, pointed out last week. "There's room for two more, one on each side."

But last Friday night before 23,800 in Miami's Orange Bowl and a Home Box

Office TV audience, WBA junior welterweight champion Aaron Pryor made sure there would be no more crowns for Arguello, at least not now. In one of the fiercest title fights in recent memory, he stopped Arguello's bid for the immortality of a fourth title at 1:06 of the 14th round with an attack so furious it left the 30-year-old WBC lightweight champ unconscious for four minutes.

In so doing, Pryor, a 27-year-old Cin-

cinnation, established a beachhead of respectability for himself. He has been something of a conundrum, a brooding, irascible man. Though he was 31-0 with 29 knockouts, Pryor felt he had been denied his full due.

In the meantime Arguello had become renowned for his boxing skills, his knockout punch and his gentlemanly behavior. Now he was trying to do what no one—not Henry Armstrong, Tony Canzoneri, Bob Fitzsimmons, Barney Ross or Wilfred Benitez—had done: attain the distinction of having won titles in four different weight classes. Of course, Armstrong had held the featherweight, lightweight and welterweight titles simultaneously. For that, Arguello, in exile from his native Nicaragua and living now in a Miami suburb, had dedicated this fight to the 69-year-old Armstrong, who was in the Miami crowd.

As planned, Arguello, who was getting \$1.5 million to Pryor's \$1.6 million, came out cool and composed, but like a snarling wolf Pryor was upon him. Stunned, Arguello did what he had warned himself not to do: He joined Pryor in the trenches. Early in the round Arguello caught Pryor coming in with a snapping straight right that met an iron chin. Slowed but for a moment, Pryor hammered Arguello with a flurry of rights. At the end of the first three minutes Pryor had thrown 130 punches, Arguello 108. It would prove to be Arguello's best round of the fight, and he had lost it.

There is an adage in boxing as familiar as the smell of liniment: When a puncher moves up in weight he can't bring his punch with him. Arguello had been devastating as a featherweight (126 pounds), a junior lightweight (130) and, of course, as a lightweight (135). But at 138½ pounds to Pryor's 140, he may have made one jump too many. Time and again his right-hand rockets never fazed Pryor.

Moreover, Arguello was fighting Pryor's fight; his vaunted body attack was all but forgotten in his obsession with Pryor's head. Pryor's seemingly reckless style makes his head appear to be vulnerable, but he never stops bobbing and weaving. And his nonstop punching never permits his opponent to get set. If there's a better chin in the world than



This Pryor right was the start of a 23-punch barrage that sent Arguello down and out.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY MANNY MILLAN

in the end Arguello crumpled and then lay unconscious four minutes before reviving.

tried to cover up with his arms. The next punch, a right uppercut, crashed against Arguello's chin and his mouth popped open as his hands dropped. Pryor fired two left hooks and a straight right to the head, a right and a hook ... in all, he threw 23 punches before Christodoulou stopped the fight. Arguello was still on his feet, but slowly he began to sag. He sat down and rolled over, out cold.

Two doctors worked on Arguello. One of them touched his neck, checking his pulse. Another gave him oxygen. After four minutes he regained consciousness. In another minute he was sitting on a stool. Then he walked, with assistance, to his dressing room. As he entered the room, Arguello's son, A.J., asked Miller, "Will he get a rematch?"

"He's a great champion," Pryor said. "I felt his power. He let me know he was in there. He taught me things. Do I feel like I stopped history? I can't say that, because the man has already made history, he's a three-time champion."

A visitor asked if Pryor thought he had surprised Arguello.

Pryor grinned. "I know of at least one surprise," he said. "My stomach was upset. One time we were in close and I turped. He stepped back and had this strange look on his face. I almost burst out laughing. But I think I surprised a lot of people. I proved I can box. And I proved I can go 14 rounds."

Miller went to Arguello's home early the next day. He was depressed about the loss, but otherwise, Miller said, Arguello was fine. A nasty cut under the left eye, which Pryor opened in the final round, required eight stitches; the one opened in the sixth required none.

"There's just one thing," Arguello told Miller. "I owe Pryor something. It's a debt I'm going to pay back."

A few hours later Miller was filing a protest with both the WBA and the Miami Boxing Commission because of illegal substances Pryor allegedly had taken during the fight. It is hardly a case Miller expects to win. No tests were taken after the fight. Miller was just laying the groundwork for the rematch little A.J. had spoken of. For a really sweet payday, Pryor would probably be happy to oblige—and share the schnapps. **END**

Pryor's, it has to be on Mount Rushmore. Twice Arguello caught him with crushing right hands in the second round. The first one caused Pryor to take a half-step back; the second, of the thunderbolt variety that had laid out so many of Arguello's 80 opponents, didn't even buy a blink. "That punch," Miller said later, "would have decapitated anybody else."

After the second round, Panama Lewis, Pryor's trainer, reached for one of two bottles in the corner and gave Pryor a slug. Later, Artie Curley, Pryor's cutman, would admit that the bottle contained peppermint schnapps.

"Aaron ate a big steak at \$30," Curley said, "and then he took a nap. It made him burp all night. The schnapps was just to settle his stomach."

After the third round, Lewis popped an ammonia cap under Pryor's nose. It was the first of many the corner used during the fight. Pryor has a problem breathing through his nose, and even in training his handlers use a steady supply of caps to keep his nostrils clear.

In the sixth round Pryor opened a 1½" cut on the edge of Arguello's left eyelid. Lewis watched Eddie Futch, Arguello's trainer, apply ice to the eye. "Don't go to sleep," Lewis told Pryor. "He's a blind fighter. Fight your fight. Go get him."

By the 12th round, both men had given up all pretense of defense, and at 1:27 of the 13th, Arguello took his last best shot. Catching Pryor coming in, he nailed him with a tremendous right hand. Pryor appeared to be hurt but as Arguello pressed forward, Pryor stopped him with two stiff jabs and ended the round with a straight right hand to the head. Despite Arguello's feeling of frustration, he was still very much in the fight. At this point Referee Stanley Christodoulou of South Africa and Judge Ove Ovesen of Denmark had Pryor ahead by only 127-124. Judge Ken Monta of Japan actually had Arguello in front, 127-125.

Between rounds 13 and 14 HBO's microphones caught Lewis saying, "Give me the other bottle, the one I mixed." Two ammonia caps were popped and Pryor drank from each of two bottles.

Coming out quickly for the 14th round, Pryor snapped Arguello's head back with a hook and then threw an overhand right, jabbed once, fired both hands to the body and then moved up to the head. Next a short right hook inside crashed against Arguello's head and sent him into the ropes.

Pryor moved in quickly. Two right hands pinned Arguello to the ropes, and 10 more slammed into Arguello as he



McSwain's TD plunge put Clemson up 14-0 but the Terps were not about to turn turtle.

A Champ Whose Bowl Could Be A Mirage

Clemson sophomore Dale Hatcher is a powerful punter, one of only three men—the others being Ray Guy of the Raiders and Russell Ersten of the Saints—ever to kick a football into the scoreboard gondola that hangs above the field in the Louisiana Superdome. He had averaged 45.4 yards on five kicks against Maryland last Saturday when, late in the fourth quarter, he dropped back for a sixth time in the Terps' cold, blustery Byrd Stadium. "I was going straight into the toughest wind I've ever lacked in," he would say later. With Clemson nursing a 24-22 lead and Hatcher standing on his own two-yard line, that meant trouble.

Maryland punter Alan Sadler had muffed two kicks earlier because of the same 20- to 30-mph gusts. One had traveled only 24 yards, the other 22, and both

Though Clemson won a share of the ACC title, it faced expulsion from the postseason scene by the NCAA

by CRAIG NEFF

had set up Tiger touchdowns. The two wind-aided scores had helped give the defending national champions a 24-7 lead and seemingly an easy victory—until Maryland Quarterback Boomer Eason, using the fourth-quarter tail wind, had completed a barrage of passes, the Terps scoring two TDs, plus a two-point conversion. Now, Hatcher took the snap.

"Just as I dropped the ball to kick it," he said, "a big old gust came and pushed down the nose of the ball. It hit my foot wrong." His wobbly punt went almost straight up and plummeted down on the Clemson 23. Then it hopped back toward

Hatcher and died on the Clemson 21. The ball had traveled only four yards past the line of scrimmage and had put the Terrapins in perfect position for a winning field goal.

Maryland's first SRO crowd in two years—51,750 fans had squeezed into the 45,000-seat stadium—shook red and white pompons and towels and pennants while a pumpkin patch of orange-clad Clemson rooters sat glumly in the north-east corner of the stadium. What was at stake here was at least a share of the ACC title, which the Terrapins hadn't won since 1976. Both teams were undefeated in conference play, with Clemson 6-1-1 overall and Maryland 7-2. For the first time since 1976, a major television network (CBS) was in College Park, as were scouts from six bowls. "People tell me it's never been like this here—ever," said Terp Defensive Tackle Mike Corvino, a senior.

Clemson, of course, was used to such hoopla. By winning last year's national title with a 22-15 Orange Bowl victory over Nebraska, the Tigers had forever escaped the obscurity of rural South Caro-

continued



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Jordan has been an off-and-on quarterback because of injury and presidential edict.

CLEMSON-MARYLAND continued

lina. "Know where Clemson was?" says former Tiger Coach Frank Howard, now 73 and still active around his old school. "Hell, folks used to ask if a Clemson was a fruit or a vegetable."

Unfortunately for the Tigers, the NCAA Committee on Infractions also took keen notice of Clemson, and it found the football program to be a fruit, a bad apple. Having concluded an 18-month investigation in late October—the probe reportedly uncovered something like 150 rule violations—the NCAA now is expected to bar the Tigers from bowl and television appearances for two years. The penalties are likely to be announced this week.

After losing its opener 13-7 to Georgia in September and tying Boston College 17-17 in its second game, Clemson had plenty of other worries, including

twice as many injuries as in 1981. The victims have included senior Quarterback Homer Jordan, star of the national championship team, who damaged cartilage in his right knee in the preseason. Jordan limped through four games before undergoing arthroscopic surgery in October, but what may have hurt him more was being implicated in the NCAA investigation. Clemson President Bill L. Atchley barred Jordan from playing against Kentucky on Oct. 2 because he feared Jordan might have been in "technical violation" of the NCAA constitution in allowing a member of Clemson's booster club to co-sign a loan Jordan used to buy a 1982 Chevrolet Monte Carlo. "I never really knew what was going on," Jordan says. "I still don't." That Jordan was reinstated immediately after the Kentucky game certainly didn't lessen the confusion.

Who would quarterback the Tigers on

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RONALD C. MOORA

any given series last Saturday was a mystery, too. Even though Jordan was healthy, Coach Danny Ford started sophomore Mike Eppley for the fourth straight week, a decision that seemed justified when Eppley led the Tigers 65 yards to a touchdown on their first possession, a 17-play drive that ended with a five-yard scoring run by Tailback Cliff Austin. On Clemson's next possession, however, Ford sent out Jordan. Ford then switched back to Eppley, then briefly to Jordan, then back to Eppley again. Afterward, Ford didn't do much explaining. Of the two, Jordan has a stronger arm and—particularly important in running the Tigers' option against Maryland's eight-man defensive front—better outside speed. However, Eppley, the starting point guard for Clemson's basketball team, executes the option more deftly. "It's similar to running a fast break," he says. Certainly his superb fakes and pitches befuddled Maryland and spearheaded the two short touchdown drives that followed Sadler's shanked punts late in the first and third quarters.

Clemson's physically imposing defense, led by nose guards William (The Refrigerator) Perry and William (Icebox) Devane, meanwhile, chilled Maryland in the early going. Perry, a 320-pound sophomore, and Devane, a 265-pound junior, were also alternating every few downs. "It's like having two nice houses," explains Tiger Defensive Coordinator Tom Harper. "You can't live in but one at a time." By trying to run in such a neighborhood, the Terps failed to make a first down until the second quarter.

But after Tailback Chuck McSwain had put Clemson ahead 14-0 early in the second quarter, Maryland finally got its multiple-set offense moving. Mixing runs and short passes—first-year Coach Bobby Ross, a former Kansas City Chief offensive backfield coach, likes a 50-50 blend—Estason took the Terps 77 yards in 14 plays, with freshman Fullback Rick Badanjek scoring from the one. This was the style of play that had worked all season for Maryland. It had helped boost 1982 home attendance by 7,000 per game, to 38,000, and now it brought the Terps to halftime trailing only 14-7.

The new excitement in Maryland football had actually started with something Dull—Dick Dull, 37, an attorney who took over as Maryland's athletic director in the summer of 1981. In December,

continued

Eppley, who's deadlier at hitting hoops than receivers, gives the Tigers a better option.





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when Jerry Claiborne, who had led the Terps to nine straight winning seasons with his conservative offensive philosophy, left for Kentucky. Dull announced, "Defense is a must, but a wide-open offense transcends defense. Winning is important, but the bills must be paid. I want a coach who can put people in the stands."

Dull hired Ross, 45, who, in turn, signed on seven assistants with master's degrees to teach his complex system. By the end of the summer Ross had not only a wide-open offense but a locker room lounge and \$50,000 in new Nautilus equipment. Meanwhile, Dull replaced Rodney Dangerfield, the school's sports pichman, with Susan Anton, who in new Terp TV spots closes her eyes and coos things like "I have a passion for all things new. Join me." Passion, get it?

Anton would have shut her eyes for a different reason during Saturday's third quarter, when the Terps fumbled twice. Esiason threw an interception at Clemson's goal line and the Tigers increased their lead to 21-7 on Fullback Kevin Mack's one-yard touchdown run. A 16-yard field goal made it 24-7 early in the fourth quarter before the 6' 4" Esiason took charge and passed Clemson dizzy. He directed touchdown drives of 79 and 71 yards in a span of 4:08, finishing the first with a 37-yard TD strike to Wide Receiver Greg Hill and letting the 5' 10", 214-pound Badanjek barrel across for both the second touchdown and a two-point conversion "Ricky's like a bowling ball rolling around that corner," says Esiason. Indeed, on 55 carries this season Badanjek has scored nine TDs.

Then Hatcher's four-yard punt seemingly set the table for a Terrapin victory. But on second down after the punt, the Terps were called for holding and the ball was pushed back to the 30, out of field-goal range. On the third snap, Esiason threw. He hit Tight End John Tice with a screen pass in the left flat and watched Clemson's All-America free safety, Terry Kinard, drive into him. Tice, a 6' 6" senior, was having a Kellen Winslow game; the reception was his 11th of the day, a school record, and even a fourth-quarter concussion had failed to slow him. Kinard, however, punched the ball out of his hands, and Tiger Cornerback Reggie Pleasant fell on it.

The Terps got one more shot from their own 40 when Clemson was forced to punt. However, Hill dropped a 20-yard



Perry (No. 66), a 320-pounder known as The Refrigerator, cooled down Maryland's running attack, but Esiason (No. 7) brought the Terps to within two points with his passing.



pass at the Tiger 40, and then Esiason overthrew Wide Receiver Mike Lewis at the Clemson 45. On third down, with :32 left, Esiason lofted another pass. "I floated it over the linebacker," he said. "But I also floated it over the receiver. I knew as soon as I let it go that I wanted it back." Tiger Safety Billy Davis intercepted, and the game was over.

Clemson still must play non-conference rival South Carolina next week and then Wake Forest. The latter game will be neither in Clemson nor Winston-Salem but in Tokyo, the annual affair known as the Mirage Bowl. If the expected NCAA sanctions are leveled against Clemson, the name will take on a new depth of meaning for the Tigers. **END**

All The Way On Every Play

That's how far Anthony Carter, the All-America from Michigan, will go when he gets his hands on the ball

by JOHN PAPANKE

The days are growing cold and windy in Ann Arbor, and this year more than ever Michigan Coach Bo Schembechler is feeling the chill. Literally, because Anthony Carter's career with the Wolverines is coming to an end. Schembechler has another Rose Bowl team—his seventh in 14 years—but he won't ever have another Carter. Of that he's sure. So for the time being Schembechler is making the most of what he has got. On his angriest mornings the very mention of Carter's name will dissolve a Schembechler scowl into a beaming smile of the sort usually seen only on the faces of proud fathers, and he'll say, bet on it, "Anthony? Ahhh, isn't Anthony cute?"

Such an appraisal from Michigan's meanest man may come as a surprise—until one meets Carter. By golly, he is cute—and soft and warm and shy and funny. He is, in fact, one of those rare athletes who captivates admirers with his talent and turns them into idolators with his personality. And there is nothing illusory about Carter. He's the real thing, both on and off the field.

It would be difficult to ignore the Hope Diamond in a heap of pebbles. And so is Carter difficult to ignore in a Michigan football uniform—about as difficult to ignore as he is to defend against. He wears the number "1" on his back and

covers his broomstick calves with long white stockings that seem to heighten his Bambi-esque aspect, which is derived from being a shade under six feet tall and weighing a wispy 165 pounds. But it is what he does once the ball is snapped—what he has done since his days as a high school sensation in Riviera Beach, Fla. through his years at Michigan—that commands absolute attention. Watch him. You have to watch him.

Every time he runs a pass route, every time he positions himself to return a punt or kickoff, every time he reverses field and streaks around behind the quarterback to receive the football, Carter is a

threat to score a touchdown. Every time. Consider: It's Oct. 27, 1979, Carter's freshman year at Michigan. The Wolverines, with a 6-1 record, 4-0 in the Big Ten, are tied 21-21 with Indiana. There are six seconds left to play and Michigan is 45 yards from the Hoosier goal line. Carter brings in from the bench what has to be the game's final play. He's painfully shy, a lonely kid from Florida, unhappy in the North, who rarely speaks, even to his teammates. He calls out the play, 66 post, and then shocks Quarterback John Wampler by saying, "Hey, Johnny. Throw the ball to me. I'm going to be open." Wampler remembers Ralph Clay-



ton, then a senior and Michigan's leading receiver, raising his eyebrows on the other side of the huddle. "I couldn't believe A.C. said that," says Wangler, now a Wolverine graduate assistant coach. "But as soon as he did, I was going with Anthony all the way." Seconds later, Carter, sprinting left to right, meets Wangler's pass in a seam over the middle at the Hoosier 25. Never shifting speeds, he makes a one-step cutback to his left to say goodby to one defender and a quick shake back to the right to lose another. He crosses the goal line a few microseconds after the clock has run out of numbers. Michigan wins 27-21. "I still don't

believe it happened," says Carter now. "But I know it did."

Segue ahead to last Saturday. It's Carter's last home game. Victory over Purdue means Michigan goes to the Rose Bowl again. Early in the first quarter Carter pulls in a 48-yard pass, splitting two defenders as he runs the remaining nine yards for a TD. In the last quarter he scores on a 62-yard pass play. In between he throws in a catch for a two-point conversion. Thus Carter breaks the 42-year-old Michigan scoring record held by the sainted Tom Harmon, 244 points to 237, and earns a thunderous ovation from the Ann Arbor crowd of 105,281 as Michigan wins 52-21.

The voice and the face—soft and appealing—fit in with the playing style of the man who outscored Harmon, although some of the freshman shyness remains. "You had to know him when he first got here," says Schembechler. "He had such a complex. I don't think he could trust anyone." Carter has made great strides, even if he still occasionally slips into the dialect of rural black Florida. He might say gooder for better or feets for feet. He also admits, with tongue in cheek, to being a bad speller. "When I sign autographs for kids," he says, "I always ask them to spell their names. Even kids named Dick." Can he spell touchdown? "Yes. That's TD, isn't it?" Despite the self-deprecation and the occasional verbal fumble, Carter can back it in the classroom reason-

ably well. Majoring in recreation, he has a bit better than a C average. And he has promised Schembechler he'll graduate next year.

Forget the word average, though, when you turn to Carter on the field. There have been four seasons' worth of incredible catches—that's Bo's word, incredible. What's more, there have been catches and kick returns and reverses and even passes thrown. And Carter has excelled for a coach who has lived by the run and has not had a superior passing quarterback to make the best use of Carter's talents. His 149 receptions over four seasons, with two games to go, this Saturday at Ohio State and New Year's Day in Pasadena, work out to a scant 3.23 per game and leave him far behind Howard Twilley's NCAA career record of 261 set at Tulsa in 1963-65. But Carter's total of 33 touchdown catches (excluding bowl games) is just one short of Elmo Wright's NCAA record set at Houston in 1968-70. Do some arithmetic and consider this staggering statistic: Including bowl games, in which Carter has caught four TD passes, nearly one of every four passes to him has meant six points for the Wolverines.

"He has the ability to score a touchdown anytime he touches the ball," says Notre Dame Coach Gerry Faust, who was anytime but good on Sept. 18 when Carter, though hobbled by a groin injury, returned a punt 72 yards for a touchdown against the Irish. Catching passes, running reverses and returning kicks, Carter has averaged 18.2 yards each time he has touched the ball, bettering by nearly three yards the NCAA record set by Arizona's Theo Bell in 1972-75.

One can only wonder what kind of numbers Carter would have amassed had he been given the opportunity to play on a team with a passer like Stanford's John Elway. "I suspect he would have broken every pass-receiving record in the book," says Iowa Coach Hayden Fry. But Schembechler—and many others. It might be pointed out—argues that Michigan's offense is a perfect complement to Carter's talents. "Every play he makes for us is a big one," says Bo, "because teams that overload on Anthony are giving up the run. Teams overload on him anyway, and he still beats them."

continued



With his catches against Purdue, Carter broke the Michigan scoring mark.

Just how good is Carter? "I don't know that I'm gooder than a lot of receivers in the country," he says. He does know that he loves, no, *yearns* to handle the ball, and he makes the most of every opportunity.

In a playful mood one day, Carter said to Schembechler, "Bo, I think I'll forget about pro football and become a coach like you. Only I'm not going to have any running plays in my book. Only passes. And maybe a few end-arounds."

"Don't come here looking for a job when you're fired, Snake," said Bo. Carter pranced away laughing.

Before his junior season, Carter met Elway at a preseason gathering of *Playboy* magazine All-Americans at Lake Geneva, Wis. Elway took Carter's hand and said, "A.C., gee, I sure wish you and I could hook up."

"John," said Carter wistfully, "so do I. So do I."

"Elway is going to win the Super Bowl for the team that drafts him," says Dick Steinberg, director of player development for the New England Patriots. "But he's the only one in the draft who'll be able to do that. Then come the guys you know are winners. Carter's one." Some, but hardly all, of the NFL people are concerned about Carter's size, which could mean the difference between his being a low first-round pick and a high second-round. Grambling's Trammie Johnson and Arkansas' Gary Anderson, both of

whom are bigger, and Tennessee's Willie Gault, a world-class hurdler, could be chosen ahead of Carter.

Still, many scouts feel that in the NFL, with receivers protected from contact once they're five yards downfield, Carter will be even tougher to cover than he is in college. Says Tim Rooney, a Detroit Lions scout, "I'll compare him favorably right now with John Jefferson and James Lofton, and they're the best. Anthony's no more than 10 or 15 pounds lighter than Lynn Swann, and he has the same great hands and great moves and acrobatic flair—and more pure speed. I'll say this. If you're not going to draft Carter, you'd better draft somebody who can cover him."

"There are two things that set Anthony apart from every other receiver I've ever seen," says Wangler. "One is that he runs a 4.4 40, but he can run 4.4 sideways. The other thing is his ability to position himself to make the catch, no matter where the ball is thrown. You just throw it, there's Anthony, always open and gliding into it." Always open. And thus despite repeated muggings by opponents who have had Carter's picture pinned to their lockers for four years and game plans concocted especially to cope with him. Nothing has stopped him because there are so many things he can do. "He can take the ball on the sweep, or run the reverse, or cut upfield, or cut across the short zones," says Fry.

"If you want a single-word capsuleization of Carter," says UCLA Coach Terry Donahue, "you spell it p-h-e-n-o-m-e-n-a-l. In caps." Adds Purdue's Leon Burdett, "We've tried double and triple coverage, and he still catches passes."

How? Carter gives a cute shrug. "Maybe it's this hook I have on my finger," he says smiling, holding up a meekly misshapen index finger on his left hand, the result of a high school football injury.

How does any superior receiver—a Swann, a Jefferson, a Lofton, yes, a Carter—catch balls lesser men can't handle? Carter's hands are of normal size by human—forget football—standards. The ball may come speeding at him like a bullet, yet there is no sense of impact when it meets his hands, nor is there any extraneous movement in his transition from receiver to ballcarrier. It is a physical puzzle that would confound Einstein. Carter says that in four years he has dropped only seven balls he should have caught, none of them in crucial situations. "Just sometimes when I'm lazy. Lackadaisy," he says.

"Truthfully, some of the things I do amaze me. I look at films and say, 'How did I do that?' I look awkward. Knock-kneed. Both my feet be off the ground. I know it can't be true, but it shows up on the film like that."

Carter realizes that his one weakness is a tendency to cut his routes a bit shorter than he is supposed to. He has his reasons for this. For one thing, he doesn't trust current Quarterback Steve Smith's arm the way he trusted Wangler's. But mostly, he says, "It's 'cause I want the ball early. I'm out there wanting to yell at him, 'Give me the ball! I'm open! Now! Here! Give it to me now!'"

"He has that sense," says Schembechler. "He knows where everybody on the field is. I don't know how. And after he catches the ball"—Bo says this with maximum emphasis—"He's the best receiver I've ever seen in the open field."

Off the field you'd never take Carter for a guy who is shortly sure to become Michigan's second three-time football All-America (Benne Oosterbaan was the first, 1925-1927). He doesn't mix into Ann Arbor's social whirl, has virtually no friends outside the football team and is one of the least likely candidates around for Big Man on Campus. "The guys on the team call me the Hermit," he says. A typical Carter evening consists of study

continued



A gathering of Wolverine legends at practice: former President Ford, Carter and Bo.

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and viewing the likes of *The Incredibles*, *Benny Hill* and *The Three Stooges* on the tube. "And then I'm into bed. Every night," he says.

Carter gets along especially well with children. He enjoys the one day a week he works with handicapped youngsters at Ann Arbor's High Point School as part of the requirement for a course in special education.

Being the sixth in a family of eight children tends to give one the patience to do such work. His mother, Manita, who works as a chambermaid in a Palm Beach hotel, raised that brood all alone. Anthony was a bit of a problem to Manita at one time, skipping school to hang out at the Jiffy Pool Hall—"Jiffy University we called it," he says—until she sat him down one day. "I scared him up," she says. "Told him if he didn't go to school I'd put him in a children's home."

By the time he was in the ninth grade, Carter was on the Sun Coast High varsity football team, and soon word of his deeds spread through Florida and beyond. He scored 54 touchdowns in four years and the recruiters came in droves, hustling the not very worldly Carter with outrageous promises. Shirley Burgess, the dean of students at Sun Coast, helped him sort out the blatantly bogus from the merely enthusiastic and urged him to "go someplace where they'll like you as a person and not just a football player." That pared the list down quickly, and Michigan emerged as the winner, beating out Florida State and Texas.

Thus began the father-son relationship between Schembechler and Carter, one that nearly ended when Carter fled for home only three days after he arrived in Ann Arbor. "That was the funniest story of all," says Schembechler. "I had him on the phone and said, 'Now Anthony, you're not going to leave here without talking to me, are you?' 'Oh no. Coach I'm not going to do anything without talking to you.' So I hung up the phone and the next thing I know he's in Florida! So I got him on the phone down there and said, 'You promised me you'd talk to me before you left here.' Anthony said, 'Oh yeah. I'm going to talk to you. I'm not going to do anything before I talk to you.'" Schembechler convulses in laughter telling the story. "Oh, he's beautiful, isn't he? Isn't he cute?"

Carter was on campus three days later, and since then Schembechler has person-

ally monitored practically every move he has made. And when Carter does something Schembechler doesn't like, Schembechler lets him know about it in Bo-speak, which is to say, as bluntly as possible. The coach worries most about agents, crawling—in Schembechler's view—from under every rock, looking for an opportunity to get Carter's signature on the nearest dotted line. If any are

ship gets a little strained, Schembechler loudly disapproves. For instance, of Carter's year-old romantic relationship with Ortencia Thomas, a 32-year-old city councilwoman in Riviera Beach, Carter shrugs and says, "I didn't pick Bo's wife, Millie, for him."

Schembechler says that he's going to have "a lot of work to do" when the season is over, preparing Carter for life out-



Carter's relationship with City Councilwoman Thomas has not won Schembechler's vote.

trying, they are surely out-of-towners, because everyone who knows anything about Michigan football knows better than to trespass on Schembechler's lawn. The other day former President and Michigan Center Gerald Ford showed up at the Wolverines' practice field. A photographer asked for permission to pose Ford with a fellow Michigan MVP named Carter. "Christ," said Colonel Bob Barrett, Ford's aide, "he's on Bo's turf now. The President wouldn't go to the bathroom here without asking Bo's permission."

Schembechler is fiercely protective of Carter—whom the Michigan players have nicknamed Little Schemmy—and as with any father whose son is growing up too quickly, sometimes the relation-

side the nest. He intends to send Carter out as pure as he was when he arrived. Schembechler smiles when he says, "I've kept Anthony in poverty."

And just like a boy anxious to be a man, Carter says, "Sometimes Bo treats me like I'm still a freshman. He's got to learn that little Anthony has grown up."

Schembechler will. But letting go won't be made any easier by the fact that Carter's name will be engraved in memory alongside those of Harmon, Oosterhuis and Ron Kramer. As he thinks about Michigan football without Carter, Schembechler gazes skyward and then back toward earth. A beatific smile crumbles into his surliest General Patton scowl, and he says, "Replace Anthony? Hell! You can't replace Anthony!"

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A Flight Of Innocents

For years this hunter tried vainly to bag a Canada goose, but when his chance came, he got triple trouble
by **MICHAEL BAUGHMAN**

It was about 40 minutes after dawn on a December morning. The clouded sky was a pale gray, and the wind whistled in icy blasts out of the north. Flat on my stomach, gun cradled carefully in my arms, I inched forward, pushing as best I could with the toes of my boots, pulling as best I could with my elbows over a rutted surface of frozen mud. My objective was nearly a quarter mile away, and, with luck, in 20 minutes or half an hour I

would be there. By then my hands, feet, elbows, knees, stomach and face would be frozen numb, but I could deal with that when the time came. I wanted a goose, and this, I thought, was almost surely going to be my morning.

I had scouted Canada geese at a lake in the Cascades near my home in Ashland, Ore., for two weeks. All day the geese, at least 200 of them, would stay rafted up in the middle of the lake, so far from shore that they looked to the naked eye like nothing more than a long black line against the muddied, choppy water. The only thing that could induce them to fly was the approach of a boat, and several times I'd watched hunters roar out from

shore at top speed, motors howling, trailing white wakes and then clouds of blue exhaust. But this strategy was not only illegal, it was also futile. Before the men got anywhere near shotgun range, the birds would lift off the water, their strident honking clearly heard even above the roar of the motors.

Actually, the geese were lovely to hear, and to watch. The huge birds rose with an ease and speed that remains surprising, no matter how often one has seen their powerful, measured wingbeats lifting them away. Once they were out of danger, they broke up into as many as eight separate flocks, each forming a V as it steadily climbed. The Vs were some-



what ill-shaped at first, but as the flocks gained altitude, the lines became as straight as if they had been drawn with a ruler.

Whenever the geese were forced off the water in the daytime they would circle the lake for 20 minutes or more, at an altitude of at least 500 feet, and then either come down to it again—providing both the shore and water were clear—or, if they sensed danger, veer away to find temporary refuge at another lake, smaller, higher in the mountains, a few miles to the north.

After watching these birds for two weeks, I knew that my best hope was to stalk them on the flats adjacent to the lake, which was the only way I cared to hunt them anyway, and that only their morning feeding went according to inviolate schedule. No matter what the weather or where they had spent the night, half an hour after sunrise the flocks appeared out of the eastern sky, circled the pine-bordered stubble field for eight or 10 minutes and, their wings set and necks stretched into the wind, settled in for breakfast.

I had deep respect for the geese, but I did want to bag one—was, in fact, absolutely determined to get one and only one—to prove to myself that I could do it. Through October and most of November I had hoped to kill one for Thanksgiving dinner. With Thanksgiving past, my goal became Christmas, which was now barely a week away. If I didn't succeed in time for that, there would be New Year's Day, just before the season closed. Then, as they say, there always would be next year. This, in truth, was my fourth season of trying.

The geese were out there on the field now, honking and eating. With my face smeared with mud (I'd had to break through the frozen surface with my knife to get it), dressed in various shades of brown to match the foot-high grass and stubble and well concealed by a large rotting log at the edge of the forest, I had watched them circle and come in to feed.

I had chosen my angle of approach

carefully after walking all the way around the field several times and across it from every possible angle. First I had considered the problem from a hunter's point of view, and then I tried hard to put myself in the geese's place, to regard the area as a hungry but necessarily cautious goose would. That's not easy, because on the basis of my own observations and experiences I rate the average Canada goose to be 50% more intelligent than the average hunter.

Between me and the nearest birds were eight small hillocks—symmetrical mounds about three feet high and 10 feet in diameter. How or why they were formed I have no idea. It was about 20 yards from the rotting log to the first hil-



Caked with mud for camouflage, he crawled slowly along the cold ground.

lock, and now I'd made it that far. The seven that remained were spaced irregularly but in such a pattern that I could stay concealed until I was within about 50 yards of the perimeter of the geese's normal feeding area. Twenty-five to 30 yards is ideal shotgun range, and I was certain that with surprise on my side I would be within 40 yards before the geese would begin to react. They could get going in a hurry, but they weren't that fast—nothing was that fast—and before they were 20 feet off the ground I would be exactly where I had to be.

It's surprising how fatiguing crawling on your belly can be. The unfamiliarity of moving that way more than the physical effort involved causes the strain. As I slithered around the first hillock toward the second, my shoulder and thigh mus-

cles were already tiring. My knees hurt too, simply from being dragged across the hard, cold earth. I was wearing ski gloves so that my fingers would be nimble enough to work the gun when I made my charge, but my hands were cold anyway. The mud on my face had dried and hardened like plaster, but with that the odor had thankfully diminished. When I'd smeared my face with the mud back by the rotting log, I'd noticed a decidedly unpleasant smell. Only then did I remember that cattle sometimes grazed the area in summer.

Just as I reached the second hillock, at the very moment I settled in for a minute's relaxation, the frozen surface gave way underneath me and I found myself belly down in cold, wet mud. The hillock had blocked the wind off, reducing the chill factor considerably, so the protected spot hadn't hardened up quite solidly enough to support 170 pounds of irrational man.

When I rolled over to try to get out of the mess, all I did was to break through the surface again, on my back this time, and coat that side of me with more icy mud.

One more roll and I was free, once again on solid ground on my stomach. Holding my breath, I listened. The geese were still out there feeding, apparently undisturbed. Although their muted honking sounded no closer than it had before, I couldn't risk raising my head to look.

About 20 minutes later I was behind the last hillock. My nose was running and my head ached. The mud that caked me from head to foot had hardened into something like a body cast, and I had never been so cold in my life, not even after slipping off a ledge and falling into a steelhead river in February when the water temperature was 33°.

But I had made it, and I hadn't spooked the geese. I could still hear their contented honking as they fed, though it seemed no louder than it had from the edge of the woods. I thought the numbing cold had affected my hearing.

continued

Stiff muscles straining with the suddenness of my movement, I pushed to my feet and charged over the hillock, ran hard down the other side, pressing the safety off and raising the gun. And what did I see? About 200 geese, well scattered in groups on the grassy field, every one of them looking back at me, and the nearest one at least 100 yards away.

It dawned on me that they'd been aware of my presence all along. As I had crawled slowly toward them, suffering every foot of the way, they had grazed steadily off in the same direction, maintaining a safe distance between us.

As they took off, I kept running. Even with frozen feet and legs I'm not so slow, but I never got within 60 yards of any of

them talked of little else for a couple of months after returning from these trips. I think they were the highlights of his life.

When he died my father took the shotgun, but he never used it, and it finally ended up with me. By then I'd moved to the Bay Area, where the gun wasn't of much use, but four years later, when I found out I'd be relocating in Oregon, I began to think about my grandfather, Canada geese and that old Ithaca wrapped in an army blanket in my storage closet. I asked a dapperly dressed young clerk at a fancy sporting goods store in San Francisco what he knew about Canada geese. He knew quite a lot, and he was optimistic about my chances of successfully hunting them in Oregon.

Later I would realize that the farther you are from living geese, the more positive the hunting information about them is likely to be.

The clerk explained to me that the Canada goose population had been increasing dramatically for years. "It's partly because of good wildlife management policies—the development of game refuges—and partly because of agriculture," he said. "The birds get through the winters on surplus grain left out in fields all across the country. Why, there are more Canada geese in parts

of North America now than there were when the Pilgrims arrived. You won't have any trouble getting all the geese you want up in Oregon. They're all over the place up there. Now, if you want a truly fine gun for them..."

"Thanks," I said, "but I have one."

A few months later, in a combination hardware and sporting goods store in southern Oregon, the rumpled, leather-skinned clerk who sold me a box of No. 2 shells said, "You want to know where to hunt geese? That's easy. Klamath Marsh. Hyatt Lake. Howard Prairie Lake. Emigrant Lake. Any lake. Where you hunted them before?"

"Nowhere."

"Never?"

"That's right."

"Well, anyway, it ain't so much where

you hunt them as it is when and how. Geese got brains. They got eyes. And they can hear, too. You light a cigarette in a blind, and they'll see the smoke from half a mile away on a foggy morning—if they haven't already turned around and gone the other way when they heard you strike the match? Oh, you'll see honkers, thousands of 'em, but before you see them, they'll see you. Opening day's always your best bet, before they get their yearly education. Otherwise, you hide someplace you know they fly, you hide there in a good blind, and you wait, and maybe you get lucky. Sometimes they fly a mile high and go 500 miles in a day. Sometimes they sit out there on the water, and they don't go nowhere for two months, except of course for the a.m. and p.m. feed. But I'll tell you this much, son, don't you go counting on much. If you're no sky buster, and you use those shells for geese, that box right there ought to last you a while."

By the end of my first waterfowl season I knew the old man was right about everything. I also knew that I'd never again hunt on opening day or from a blind. I'd tried both. Opening day was a zoo, and hiding behind a blind was, for me, excruciatingly boring. But I did want to get one goose, and I was determined to get it by stalking. Why a goose? It had something to do with my memory of my grandfather. It also had something to do with the fact that Canada geese are big. Whether or not it makes any real sense, a large majority of fishermen would rather land one 20-pound salmon or steelhead than 100 one-pound trout, and a large majority of bird hunters are the same. But mostly, I wanted to get a Canada goose because it was so maddeningly difficult to do.

Four years passed, and I'd seen probably 10,000 honkers. But my aforementioned failure at the mountain lake was typical of how my hunting had gone. Of the 25 shells the old man had sold me for goose hunting, 23 remained. At that rate, they would last me another 46 years.

The two shots I had made had come on a foggy day toward the end of my third season. Walking back toward the car after yet another unsuccessful stalk, I suddenly heard geese honking somewhere behind me and not far off. I knelt at once and stayed that way, motionless, holding my gun in my right hand and the collar of my German shorthair, Otto, in my left. Within seconds a flock of 40 or



The usually excitable Otto froze on a confused kind of point.

them, too far to even consider wasting a shell. I slowed to a jog, then to a walk, and finally I stood and watched the geese climb and form their V's and circle, honking down at me all the while. As always, it was something lovely to see.

An hour later I was home, soaking in a hot bath. I stayed in it a long time, thinking about my obsession.

I'd taken up hunting pretty much by accident. When I was a boy my grandfather shot pheasants and rabbits in the hills of western Pennsylvania with a double-barreled, two-triggered, 12-gauge Ithaca. What he genuinely loved, though, was his yearly expedition in pursuit of Canada geese. Every winter, he and his friends spent a week hunting geese somewhere on the Atlantic coast, and grandfa-

continued

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50 birds was streaming directly overhead, about 20 yards up and barely visible at that height in the fog. I picked out a bird, stood and fired both barrels at it. Though it was the sort of passing shot that good goose hunters probably fantasize about, I missed twice.

Eight months later, on an Indian summer evening in October that was so warm I'd played nine holes of golf before dinner, I was loading my clubs into the trunk of my car when I heard faint honking. When I looked up, there was the biggest flock of Canada geese I'd ever seen, the biggest flock I'd ever heard about, at least 1,000 birds, possibly 1,500, in two huge overlapping Vs, the lines sharp and black against the cloudless early evening sky. And they were high, 2,000 feet or more, so that they could barely be heard unless you listened for them.

They were headed southeast, directly toward the reservoir five miles out of town, and before they disappeared from view it seemed to me that they'd dropped several hundred feet in elevation. Though I didn't see them begin to circle, I was fairly sure they were going to put in at the reservoir for the night.

Driving home, I was as excited as I'd ever been about anything related to hunting or fishing. Canada geese are known to be unpredictable in their migrations, but these were at least a month ahead of schedule. With the reservoir at its lowest level of the year—drained off for irrigation throughout the summer and not yet replaced by the runoff from storms—hunting would be very difficult. I would be out there the next morning anyway.

The three of us started toward the reservoir at 6:30 a.m.—my wife, Hilde, Otto and me. Otto was along in case the miracle happened. If I should hit a goose here, chances were better than even it would come down in the water, and having Otto retrieve it was more appealing than having to swim myself.

Hilde loves the outdoors and wildlife as much as anyone I've ever known, so she was excited about the huge flock, too. If we did find the geese and if I did attempt one of my patented slithering stalks, she would stay a safe distance behind with the dog, so he wouldn't give me away by an involuntary whine or yelp.

Otto's only serious fault as a hunting dog was his nearly uncontrollable excitability around flocks of waterfowl.

I was ready, but I certainly wasn't taking my chances very seriously, especially after we arrived at the reservoir and saw that the hunting conditions were even worse than I'd imagined. The water was so low that if the geese were there, they would either be on the water or feeding a few yards from it.

It was cool, clear and windless. I let Otto run out ahead for the first 10 minutes, to dissipate a little of his energy. After Hilde and I had walked about half a



Otto had the birds as soon as they hit the water.

mile I called Otto back to heel. We were coming to a small bay. We approached cautiously and discovered that there were three mallards, two drakes and a hen, about 25 yards away at the edge of the water. "I might as well try for them," I whispered to Hilde.

"Won't you scare the geese?"

"I'll scare the geese sooner or later anyhow," I said. "If they're here, we'll get a good look at them. Besides, we haven't had pressed duck for a long time, and I need some mallard flank feathers for tying dry flies."

For once things went perfectly. I charged over the bank and a few yards down the other side, stopped and brought the gun up as the birds took off. With the sun behind me they were easy

targets, even for me. Both drakes came down and stayed where they landed. The hen, quacking loudly, sailed across the reservoir, low over the water, as the shots echoed dully off the distant hills. Otto made the retrieves, and coming out of the water his coat was as slick as an otter's.

There was no sign of the geese, though. Up ahead of us a small bunch of mallards, a larger flock of blue bills and, farther on, 10 or a dozen teal had been spooked, and they all flew off in the same direction the mallard hen had taken.

I was so sure that there wouldn't be any geese—or much of anything else, except perhaps a heron or a careless pair of mergansers—that I let Otto run free. I kept my eyes on him, though, and I saw that when he trotted up to the top of the rise that protected a larger bay he cocked his ears and crept forward a few steps before freezing on a kind of confused point. He was 40 or 50 yards ahead, and I whistled him back softly.

For the hell of it I loaded my gun with No. 2 goose shells and then walked up and over the rise without making any attempt at stealth. About 200 yards down the other side, the bay was covered with Canada geese.

I was aware that suddenly I was running, and that all those geese, necks stretched upward to full length, white cheek patches clear in the early morning light, were looking back at me and softly honking. A few of the birds closest to shore flapped their wings as if about to fly, stretched their necks

in my direction, then looked at one another and settled back down.

I sprinted hard, the gun clutched in my left hand, my heavy boots pounding down the hill. When I was halfway to the bay, only 100 yards away, not a single bird had lifted off the water. Most of them were swimming slowly toward the mouth of the bay, and all of them were honking loudly.

In my excitement I had failed to notice that there were geese on shore, too. I didn't realize they were there almost until I was running through them, nearly tripping over them. They were honking as they scattered like huge bargeyard chickens before me. Even though I saw them there, could probably have dropped the gun and tackled one, I was too excit-

continued

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As he ran along the shore, a cloud of hundreds of geese rose, warming the air with their wings as they lifted off.

ed to stop. The birds on the water had turned around and were swimming back toward me now.

Finally the geese surrounding me on shore began to fly, and when I stopped, about 20 yards from the water, those out there took off too. I stood there amazed in the middle of a rising cloud of hundreds and hundreds of geese. The honking came from all directions, along with the sound of the powerful beating of their wings, and I actually felt a warm rush of pungent air from the wings of the nearest birds as they lifted off.

The gun was up, safety off, but I had the presence of mind not to fire into the flock. In front of me and directly overhead the air was black with geese. I swung the gun to the right and sighted in on a lone bird about 35 yards out, at the edge of everything. At the moment I pulled the trigger two geese appeared behind the one I was shooting at; all three of them dropped into the shallow water a few feet from shore.

Almost as the birds hit, Otto was into the water to retrieve. Hilde was beside

me now. And that was when I realized something else. There was no panic in these birds, not even after I had fired a 12-gauge shotgun. All they did was circle above us, a miraculous mass of life, of beating wings and long black necks and smooth gray undersides.

The only way to describe their honking is to say that it was pure. It was absolutely innocent. It lasted three or four minutes, and then the geese began to climb in one long undulating line. Their direction was southeast, toward the dark mountains that were outlined against the bright horizon. We heard them for several more minutes and saw them for a long time after their honking had faded away.

I doubt that many hunters have killed three honkers with a single shot. I was ashamed of having done it, even though it had been an honest mistake.

We walked back to the car with the dead geese and the mallards. Hilde carried the gun and I carried the birds. Otto walked beside me, sniffing at the birds. They were heavy.

It was a while before Hilde and I be-

gan to talk about the geese. We decided that they must have come down nonstop from some remote lake in Canada. It was likely they'd never been hunted before, or at least not for a long time, certainly not that year. They were truly wild, and I know that it was the first time in my life that I'd ever seen truly wild geese.

It appeared they were headed south for California, as likely as not the Sacramento Valley, and it wasn't pleasant to imagine what was waiting for them there. All we could hope was that I had begun to educate them.

We happened to have a camera in the car. For some reason—habit, I suppose, or a desire to establish the reality of the experience—I felt obliged to take a few pictures of the geese. I've never shown the photos to anyone; I never even look at them myself, because they certainly don't represent what I want to remember about that October morning.

Ten years have passed, and the photos, probably faded by now, are stored in a bottom desk drawer underneath a box containing 22 No. 2 shotgun shells. **END**



three seasons. No wonder there's an uproar, which doesn't appear to affect Penn Quarterback Gary Vura, who says serenely, "I never doubted that we could score. This team has had a date with destiny all year long."

Actually, Penn's date with destiny has been a good deal longer than that in coming. When the Ivy League was officially formed in 1954, Penn was still operating with a big-time schedule—Saturdays filled with the likes of Michigan, Notre Dame and Penn State—but suddenly without athletic scholarships. The result: a 19-game losing streak. The Quakers did win that Ivy title in '59, but Coach Steve Sebo was fired anyway. The '60s were mostly a grid-

The Penn players got their kicks directly after the winning boot.

by N. Brooks Clark

The first thing Berndt scrapped when he got to Philadelphia was the Ivy's only wishbone, replacing it with a wide-open, multiple-set offense of his own design. Next to go was Penn's antique uniform with thick red and blue stripes all the way down the sleeves. Says Linebacker Mike Christiani, "They were completely out of style. I wore them and I felt old."

In updated uniforms, Penn opened its 1981 season with a 29-22 upset of Cornell—"a fantasy," Berndt calls it. The next week a telegram signed by the Lehigh captains arrived, saying how much their second and third teams were looking forward to playing Penn's intramural flag-football team. Lehigh rolled over the Quakers 58-0. That was the first of nine Penn losses in a row.

The low point came on a trip to Harvard when Berndt heard that four of his players had been smoking marijuana in the hotel on Friday night. Harvard beat Penn 45-7, but it could easily have been

It was all so improbable, the way things often are in the Ivy League: Here are Harvard and Penn, each 6-2 on the year, battling for the conference championship at Philadelphia's Franklin Field, though neither team—especially not the Quakers—had figured in the pre-season to be contesting for a title of any sort. The game has a pretty good end, too: Harvard leads 21-20 with three seconds left, as Penn sets up to try a 38-yard field goal. The snap. The kick. The ball is shanked to the left. Harvard wins. Pandemonium, Crimson exultation.

Hold it! The game's not over. Penn Kicker Dave Shulman has been roughed and will get another chance, with no time left on the clock and from 11 yards closer. This time Shulman drills it through the uprights and Penn is victorious 23-21. Pandemonium again, this time from the other side. The Quakers have clinched a share of the Ivy title—their first whole or partial crown since 1959—and have a chance to win it outright against Cornell this week.

This is the same University of Pennsylvania that won only two games the last

This time the replay counted

At 0:00, surprising Penn made a second-chance field goal to beat Harvard

iron disaster, and the '70s weren't much better. The school's image—terrible—wouldn't go away.

In early 1981 a turnaround began, starting at the top. That year Sheldon Hackney, fresh from a sports revival at Tulane, became Penn's president. "Inter-collegiate athletics may not be the most important thing that the university does," he says, "but you ought not to do it poorly. It's a bad experience for the player, and it might, on a personal basis, communicate the wrong thing about the university."

About the same time Jerry Berndt arrived as football coach, after eight years as an assistant at Dartmouth and two as head coach at DePauw. In 1980, his second year there, the Tigers went 7-2-1, their best season in nearly three decades, and Berndt was offered the reconstruction job at Penn.

80-0. The following night the Quakers had a "three-hour, knock-down, drag-out verbal brawl" over the suspension of the four players, and a lot of other things came out along the way. The air cleared. Penn decided to become the Rocky of the Ivy League. "We grew as a team that night," says Berndt. "We made it clear that we weren't going to tolerate people who were not committed to being successful on the football field."

Says Vura, "It seemed like we just didn't mind—or didn't hate—losing enough. We just decided we were sick of it." Vura, a senior and an accounting and marketing major, has completed 136 of 249 passes for 1,593 yards this year and is one of the main reasons for the success of Berndt's flamboyant offense, not to mention Penn's sudden success. Another factor is a weight program that is more demanding than last year's. Vura says it

continued

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gives the Quakers a sense of camaraderie and family. And as a point of principle, Co-captains Chris DiMaria, a center, and Christians sold their teammates on a ban on drinking in public campus places during the season.

Preseason rankings, however, gave no hint that drinking in private and bulging muscles would help the Quakers, who didn't have any star recruits in the pipeline. *Pennhouse*, for instance, rated Penn as the third-worst team in the nation, behind Northwestern and Colorado, and noted that the Quakers' program was "like a thoroughbred with four shattered legs: destroying it would be an act of kindness." Penn nonetheless opened the season by beating Dartmouth 21-0 in Hanover, for its first win on the road in 24 games. The Quakers next got revenge against Lehigh, winning 20-17. Columbia fell 51-31, and Brown succumbed 24-21. Penn stopping the Bruins on the four with 11 seconds to play.

After a 35-20 loss to Lafayette, the Quakers took on Yale before 32,175 in Franklin Field and beat the Elis 27-14 on an 83-yard run by Tailback Steve Flacco and two interceptions by sophomore Tim Chambers, a 5' 10" defensive back. As his team left the field, Berndt says he felt an electricity. "I looked up in the stands, and it was as if nobody wanted to leave," he says. After a short discussion, Berndt and his players returned to the field for a curtain call.

Penn lost to Princeton 17-14 on a 42-yard field goal with 25 seconds remaining, but then bounced back for a 21-13 win over Colgate, which hadn't lost to a I-AA team in 15 games.

On Saturday, Penn manhandled Harvard and led 20-0 in the fourth quarter, when the Crimson exploded for three touchdowns in less than 7½ minutes to take a 21-20 lead with 1:28 left. At that point Berndt reminded his offense that it needed only a field goal to win and that 15 yards a play would set it up for Shulman. On first down from his own 20, Vura scrambled for one yard. On second he was sacked. On third he hit Wide Receiver Rich Sykes for 18 yards, but after he released the ball he was met by Harvard's Louis Varsames, who plays a position called Adjuster in the Crimson defense. "He ate my lunch," said Vura. "He rearranged my face a little—my jaw felt like it had fallen off." Backup Quarterback Fred Raderfer, who had thrown three passes all year, went in and tossed

the ball out of bounds, and Vura returned with 24 seconds to go.

On the next play, a freakish deflection bounced from one Penn receiver to another and moved the ball to the Harvard 48 with 17 seconds left. Vura passed to Warren Buehler on the left sideline for 16 yards and then to Flacco in the right flat for 11. Flacco got out of bounds with :03 showing on the clock.

And then came Shulman's two kicks, and after the second one the metal goalposts were pulled down. Penn was a champion at last, or a co-champion at the least. "It's nice," said Flacco. "People say hi to you now. Before they were laughing behind your back."

Oh, yes. The Penn athletic department is working on plans to market dolls of Benjamin Franklin holding a football.



SOUTH Southern Mississippi went from the pits on Monday to the peaks on Saturday. On Monday the NCAA slapped the Golden Eagles with a two-year probation for recruiting violations. Five days later Southern Mississippi shocked the bejambers out of Alabama 38-29. The victory was the Golden Eagles' first over Bama since 1954 and broke the Tide's string of 57 wins at Bryant-Denny Stadium in Tuscaloosa. That streak, which began in October 1963, was an NCAA record for at-home triumphs. More than anyone, Quarterback Reggie Collier was responsible for the upset. Collier passed for 18 yards, ran for 81 on 13 carries and scored from 22, eight and five yards out. Tailback Sam DeJarnette tackled on 152 yards on 26 rushes and scored on runs of 11 and three yards. The Golden Eagles scored on their first four possessions, converted 11 of 15 third-down plays and led 28-7 in what they decided would be their "bowl game" because the NCAA's ban will keep them out of postseason encounters.

Alabama trailed 35-21 at the end of the third quarter and narrowed the score to 35-29 in the fourth. The Crimson Tide was kept in contention by Walter Lewis, who passed for 197 yards, and by Ricky Moore, who ran 10 times for 109 yards. But Bama couldn't contain Southern Miss runners, who gained 304 yards. The Golden Eagles sealed their sixth win in a row when Steve Clark booted a 23-yard field goal with 5:10 to go.

Adding to the state of euphoria at the state of Mississippi was Mississippi State's 27-24 surprise victory over visiting Louisiana State.

Alan Risher of the Tigers, who hit on 25 of 34 passes for 308 yards, began the scoring with a 69-yard strike to Eric Martin in the opening period. At intermission the game was tied 14-14, and going into the final 15 minutes it was 17-14. Two long scoring plays made it 24-24, the Bulldogs going in front on a 64-yard pass from John Bond to Danny Knight and the Tigers pulling even when Mike Moore rumbled 35 yards with 4:52 left. Then, with 25 seconds to go, it was Dena Moore's turn. Moore, who grew up within a long field goal of the LSU campus but wasn't recruited by the Tigers, had missed a 41-yard three-pointer with 5:45 remaining in the game. This time, however, Moore split the uprights from 45 yards out for the points that gave LSU its first loss of the season.

Georgia, behind the power running of Herschel Walker, struggled past Auburn to lock up its third straight SEC title with a 19-14 win. The Tigers outgained the Dawgs by a margin of 350 yards to 288 yards and led 14-13 when Lionel James broke loose for an 87-yard scoring run early in the fourth quarter. Thus, for the seventh time this season, Georgia trailed in the fourth period. But as always, the Bulldogs rallied. And, as always, the main man was Walker, who finished the scoring by smashing over from three yards out with 8:42 remaining. During that 80-yard drive, Walker carried eight times for 36 yards. For the day, Walker had 177 yards on 31 carries. Following that touchdown, Auburn drove from its 20 to the Georgia 21 with 42 seconds to play. The Bulldogs thwarted that final surge when Cornerback Ronnie Harris broke up an end-zone pass on fourth down. Vanderbilt beat Virginia Tech 45-0, Florida handed Kentucky a 39-13 licking, and Tennessee was a 30-17 winner over Mississippi.

While Clemson took charge of the ACC race by beating Maryland 24-22 (page 36), North Carolina ended its two-game losing streak by defeating Virginia 27-14. The Tar Heels got 192 yards passing from Scott Stanek and 150 yards rushing from Kelvin Bryant. Despite Ben Bennett's passing—27 of 41 for 313 yards—North Carolina State topped Duke 21-16. Georgia Tech clobbered Wake Forest 45-7.

Florida State tailbacks Greg Allen and Ricky Williams combined for 313 yards during a 49-14 defeat of Louisville. Allen, who leads the nation in touchdowns (20) and points (120), earned 25 times for 178 yards and scored four times. Williams got the ball only 10 times, but that was enough for him to pick up 140 yards.

WEST Turnovers, almost as many as can be found at the local bakery, were the pivotal factor in Washington and Southern Cal victories. The Huskies took command of the Pac-10 race by coming out on top 17-13 at Arizona State and USC prevailed 48-41 at Arizona.

Washington won despite being outgained by the Sun Devils 360 yards to 230. But the Huskies forced four turnovers and got what turned out to be the winning touchdown after recovering Arizona State's fumble of the second-half kickoff. Tailback Jacques Robinson made that pay off by barging over from the four to give Washington a 17-3 lead. Sun Devil Tailback Darrell Clark retaliated with a 50-yard scoring run and Luis Zendejas kicked a 47-yard field goal to round out the scoring. Washington had gone in from 10-0 on a 20-yard pass from Tim Cowan to Aaron Williams and on a 24-yard field goal by Chuck Nelson. That was Nelson's 23rd three-pointer of the season, tying an NCAA record. Robinson finished with 124 yards on 34 carries. Todd Hoss kept Arizona State on the move much of the time by clicking on 19 of 31 passes for a total of 206 yards.

USC players committed five turnovers, Arizona players six. But the biggest bonus may have been a decision by Wildcat Coach Larry Smith. With his team ahead 20-17, Smith decided that instead of running out the final five seconds of the first half, he would have Tom Turncliffe throw a bomb. Turncliffe did, but Trojan Safety Joey Browner grabbed it and returned it 53 yards for a touchdown. Turncliffe passed for 303 yards and Scott Tansley of USC for 209.

In another rousing game, UCLA outlasted Stanford 38-35. It was a rematch of two quarterbacks—Tom Ramsey of the Bruins and John Elway of the Cardinal—who had grown up playing for rival high schools in Granada Hills, Calif. Ramsey passed 27 times, hit on 19 and accounted for 314 yards and two touchdowns. Elway completed 29 of 39 tries for 352 yards and a pair of TDs. Other notables: Danny Andrews of UCLA rushed for 148 yards, and Vincent White of Stanford caught 14 passes for 124 yards. The points that settled the outcome came when Ramsey ran five yards for a score that put the Bruins on top 38-27 in the fourth period. California defeated Washington State 34-14.

Brigham Young clung to first place in the WAC by beating San Diego State 58-8. And Idaho remained atop the Big Sky by defeating Northern Arizona 55-37.

EAST

Army may have lost the war to visiting Pitt 24-6, but the Cadets were happy about having won the second half 6-0. "This is the best I've ever felt after losing," Army Strong Safety Joe Hampton said. Army defenders took pride in having limited Dan Marino of the Panthers to 10 completions in 19 tries for 71 yards and in having intercepted three of his passes. It was incidental to the Cadets that three of Marino's tosses went for touchdowns. It also didn't faze them that Pitt rushed for 297 yards, 129 of them by Fullback Joe McCall on 24 carries. Although Halfback Gerald Walker, Army's third-leading career rusher, was out with a shoulder in-

SI TOP 20

1. GEORGIA (10-0)	1 *
2. SMU (10-0)	2
3. PENN STATE (9-1)	4
4. NEBRASKA (9-1)	5
5. WASHINGTON (9-1)	7
6. ARIZONA STATE (9-1)	3
7. PITT (8-1)	9
8. FLORIDA STATE (8-1)	10
9. ARKANSAS (8-1)	11
10. UCLA (8-1-1)	12
11. LSU (7-1-1)	8
12. OKLAHOMA (8-2)	17
13. NOTRE DAME (8-2-1)	8
14. WEST VIRGINIA (8-2)	14
15. CLEMSON (7-1-1)	18
16. SOUTHERN CAL (7-2)	15
17. MICHIGAN (6-2)	20
18. TEXAS (6-2)	19
19. MARYLAND (7-3)	16
20. SO. MISSISSIPPI (7-3)	—

* Last week

jury, the Cadets managed to score a touchdown. That proud moment came when Bill Turner passed six yards to Billy Noble in the fourth period.

Because the Turner Broadcasting System was willing to pay each team \$125,000 to televise the game, West Virginia and Rutgers moved up their meeting from Saturday to Thursday. Wide Receiver Rich Holins caught scoring passes of 54 and 43 yards from Jeff Hostetter as the Mountaineers pulled away from a slim 13-10 halftime lead and won 44-17. Willie Drewrey of West Virginia started the scoring with a 75-yard punt return in the first period.

Doug Flutie's 29-yard pass to Flanker Gerard Phelan with 58 seconds left gave Boston College a 20-13 victory over Syracuse in the rain. Defensive Back Vic Crawford of the Eagles excelled, making 11 tackles, assisting on eight others, halting down a pass and recovering a fumble.

Swarthmore's hopes for an unbeaten season were snuffed by Widener 24-7. The victorious Pioneers won in the fourth quarter by rushing for two touchdowns, which were as many as the Little Quakers had allowed on the ground in all 35 previous periods this year. Widener, the Division III champion last season, thus advanced to the first round of this year's playoffs. The Pioneers' first opponent will be West Georgia, which defeated Maryville 45-13. West Georgia leads Division III in total offense and scoring and is third in total defense. Wagner also moved into those playoffs by beating Kean College of New Jersey 42-0 as Tailback Alonzo Patterson ran for 134 yards and two touchdowns. Patterson, a senior, has gained 4,213 yards and is third in

total rushing yardage among all active players at all levels of NCAA competition, trailing only Herschel Walker of Georgia and Eric Dickerson of SMU.

While Penn pulled out its remarkable victory over Harvard, Dartmouth beat Brown 22-16. Cornell defeated Columbia 35-26 and Yale routed Princeton 37-19.

MIDWEST

"Todd was kind of lazy," said Penn State Tailback Curt Warner of Quarterback Todd Blackledge, his roommate, who sat out briefly after having had his bell rung by a jarring tackle in the second quarter at Notre Dame. "We helped him out in the huddle when he forgot the plays." Blackledge was alert enough to check off a play at the Irish 48 and fire a pass to the 25, where Warner grabbed it and took it in for the touchdown that put the Nittany Lions in front 19-14 early in the fourth quarter.

Notre Dame's first-string signal-caller, Blair Kiel, didn't fare as well as Blackledge. Tension in his right shoulder forced him to the sideline only a few plays into the game. Sideman-used Ken Karcher replaced Kiel and consulted a game-opening 76-yard drive with an eight-yard pass into the end zone to Tailback Chris Smith on a fourth-and-inches gamble. Penn State built a 13-7 advantage in the second quarter on a one-yard drive by Blackledge and field goals of 41 and 29 yards by Nick Giancatano. Both field goals were set up by the recovery of Irish fumbles. The first came when Karcher pitched the ball back to freshman Tailback Allen Pinkett, who hadn't heard a Karcher audible and was heading toward the line while the ball was sailing the other way. Mispup No. 2 came when Pinkett and Karcher collided on what was supposed to have been a hand-off. Pinkett atoned for his gaffes by gathering in a kickoff, cutting to his right and racing 93 yards for a touchdown and a 14-13 Notre Dame lead shortly before the half came to an end.

That's the way it stayed until Blackledge and Warner combined on their 48-yard scoring play. A safety and Giancatano's third field goal wrapped up a 24-14 triumph for the Nittany Lions. Warner ran for 143 yards on 25 carries; Blackledge passed for 189 yards as he completed 11 of 27 throws; and Penn State Flanker Kenny Jackson caught six passes for 114 yards. It was the third consecutive game in which Jackson gained more than 100 yards with his receptions.

Missouri had good reason for believing it could pull off a Big Eight upset at Oklahoma. After all, the Mizrow defense had given opposing runners a hard time all season, yielding only three gains of more than 30 yards and giving up 158 yards rushing per game. And a ground attack, the Tigers knew, was about the only offensive threat that the Sooners had. Of the 97 teams in Division I-A, there was only one that had not completed at least one

continued

ouchdown pass so far this year, Oklahoma.

Well, so much for pregame stats. What happened was that the Sooners got scoring runs of 38 and 70 yards by Quarterback Kelly Phelps and Tailback Marcus Dupree, respectively, while winning 41-14. That was only part of it. Oklahoma rolled up 483 yards on the ground, 166 of them on 19 carries by Dupree. And the Sooners even struck through the air, Phelps passing 11 yards for a TD in the third period to Tight End Johnny Fontenette, who made the first catch of his three-year career. Until then Missouri had trailed by only 21-14. Dupree's long scoring run and his seven-yard touchdown burst both came in the fourth quarter and broke the game open.

When the Nebraska-at-Iowa State game began, the temperature was 22° and the wind-chill factor ranged between 0° and 6°. About the only person who was warm, at least briefly, was a member of the Cyclone band who reportedly hopped into a portable heater and set his trousers ablaze. Iowa State gained 157 yards rushing and 116 passing, but the Cornhuskers ruled the game with 363 yards on the ground. By scoring two touchdowns in each of the last three periods, Nebraska wound up winning 48-10. Before leaving the game late in the third quarter with a sprained ankle, Mike Rozier of the Huskers carried 19 times for 103 yards. Nebraska Quarterback Turner Gill ran 22 yards for one score and passed 49 yards to Todd Brown for another. Colorado defeated Kansas 28-3, and Oklahoma State won 24-16 at Kansas State.

Michigan runners tore up the home turf for 315 yards against Purdue. Lawrence Ricks picked up 196 of them on 31 carries. Ricks scored twice from in close and set up his first touchdowns with a 52-yard run. Steve Smith's nine-for-13 passing added 184 yards to the Wolverine offense. Flanker Anthony Carter (page 44) grabbed three passes for 123 yards and scored on plays that covered 48 and 62 yards. The result: a 52-21 victory that gave Michigan the Big Ten title and a trip to the Rose Bowl. Scott Campbell of the Boilermakers hit on 29 of 49 passes for 331 yards and two touchdowns.

Northwestern's Sandy Schwab also did some impressive throwing in a losing cause. Schwab, who completed 27 of 43 tries for 393 yards and three touchdowns, broke former Purdue Quarterback Mark Hermon's NCAA freshman records for the most yards gained passing in a season (2,735) and most yards gained in a season (2,555). Still, the Wildcats were 40-28 losers to visiting Ohio State. The Buckeyes had a record setter, too. Senior Wide Receiver Gary Williams, who was a defensive back as a freshman, established an NCAA mark by catching a pass the caught four at all in his 43rd straight game. After Northwestern had cut its deficit to 34-28 in the fourth period, Ohio State Tailback Tim Spencer topped off his 26-carry, 190-yard performance with a workhorse ef-

fort. During a 78-yard scoring march, Spencer ran for 67 yards on six cracks, the last good for 16 yards and a touchdown.

Now, which had allowed an average of only 73.3 yards rushing during six previous conference games, was stunned when Wisconsin's Troy King raced 80 yards for a TD on the first play from scrimmage. After that, the Hawkeye defense got tough, pouncing on two fumbles and picking off six passes during a 28-14 triumph. Iowa sophomore Tailback Owen Gill ran 28 times for 157 yards and two touchdowns. Tony Eason passed for 200 yards and three TDs as Illinois romped 48-7 at Indiana. And in a battle to see who could avoid last place, Michigan State was a 26-7 winner at Minnesota. The next day, Coach

hell. Lured on, Tech players zeroed in to smear Smith. Before they could nudge him, though, he faked a hand-off and then passed the ball crossfield and slightly behind him to Bobby Leach, who was all alone near the opposite sideline. Leach then gambled 91 yards for a touchdown with four seconds left to give the Ponies a dramatic 34-27 Southwest Conference victory that kept them in first place.

Eric Dickinson, who gained 115 yards on 21 carries, put the Mustangs in front 7-0 with a 28-yard scamper in the first period and gave them a 17-7 halftime lead by scooping up his own fumble and running nine yards for a TD in the second quarter. A 16-yard dash by Craig James in the third period widened SMU's advantage to a seemingly safe 24-10. But the Red Raiders, who outgained the Mustangs 421 yards to 349 in total offense, knotted the score at 24-24 as Jim Hart passed 16 yards to Buzz Tatum in the third quarter and Anthony Hutchinson dished 71 yards in the fourth. Altogether, Hutchinson carried the ball 39 times for 206 yards, more than twice what any runner had gained against SMU in almost two years. Jeff Harrell's second field goal of the day, a 25-yarder, put the Mustangs ahead 27-24 with 4:05 to play. Though Tech punished SMU's defense, the Red Raiders had trouble harassing Mustang Linebacker Gary Mosen, who made 14 unassisted tackles, gave his considerable support on two others and intercepted a pass.

Arkansas had no such problems with its defense during a 35-0 rout of Texas A&M. By the time the score was 28-0 early in the third period, the Aggies had netted a scant 36 yards on 26 plays. On the way to their third shutout of the season, the Razorbacks intercepted three passes and recovered two A&M fumbles. Fifth-year Quarterback Tom Jones, who had played only one series of downs during the previous week's loss to Baylor, was back in the groove as he engineered all five Razorback scoring drives.

It looked like another one of those old-fashioned romps, what with Texas ahead 17-3 early in the second period at Texas Christian. The Longhorns, who had won their last two games by a combined score of 77-0, were then jolted by the Horned Frogs during the last 10 minutes of the first half. Sandwiched between field goals of 37 yards and 52 yards by TCU's Ken Oze were two Eddie Clark touchdown passes. Clark, making his first start at quarterback this season, teamed up with James Munnex on a 70-yard scoring play and then hit Dwayne May with a 12-yard touchdown toss. That display gave the Horned Frogs 18 quick points—they failed on a pair of two-point pass attempts—and a 21-17 halftime advantage. Another Clark—Tailback Darryl of Texas—scored on short runs in each of the final two periods. And John Walker wrapped up a 38-21 Longhorn triumph with a 61-yard sprint. Baylor was a 35-13 winner at Rice.

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

OFFENSE Henryillard, a senior wide receiver for Fresno State, caught seven passes—all of them in the first half—for 222 yards and scored 80- and 72-yard TDs during a 45-14 win over Montana State.

DEFENSE Johnny Jackson, a sophomore linebacker, paced New Mexico's 29-24 defeat of Colorado State by making 10 tackles (two sacks), topping a pass that was run back for a TD and causing a fumble.

Frank (Muddy) Waters, who had a 10-24 record for three seasons, was fired.

Bowling Green won its first Mid-American Conference Championship in 17 years by beating Eastern Michigan 24-7. Central Michigan's 24-13 defeat of Ball State and Western Michigan's 16-7 triumph over Ohio left the winners deadlocked for second place.

In what is billed as "the oldest continuous rivalry west of the Alleghenies," Wake Forest knocked off DePauw 31-6. Quarterback Dave Broecker of the Little Giants hit on 24 of 29 passes for 269 yards and two touchdowns and carried 16 times for another 75 yards and a third score. In another game between Indiana schools, Franklin defeated Valparaiso 55-20 as Steve Wray connected on 29 of 57 throws for 425 yards and seven touchdowns. Missouri Valley leader Tulsa ran its overall record to 9-1 by drubbing Indiana State 48-14.

SOUTHWEST "It was a real miracle, I believe in God." That's what Blaine Seifert of Southern Methodist said after his coachery helped keep the Mustangs' perfect record intact. Smith did not gain a yard on his big play—play, actually—which came on the kickoff after a 28-yard field goal by Ricky Gunn that had given Texas Tech a 27-27 tie with 17 seconds to go. After fielding the kickoff at the SMU 10, Smith began his well-rehearsed routine by deliberately bobbling the

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by William Taaffe

It's 8 p.m. in Cleveland. The Lake Erie waterfront is long since dark, the wheels of industry are stilled for the night, the Polish-sausage men have vacated the streets, and the voice of Pete Franklin—Jack the Ripper of sports-talk radio—once again stalks the airwaves.

"Hello, Pete? This is L-L-Lenny from Akron. I'm a first-time caller."

You can tell poor Lenny is nervous. He has the voice of a Parris Island recruit addressing his drill instructor. "P-P-Pete, I'd like to talk about truck pulling," he says. "You know, where they put ropes on trucks and pull 'em around?"

Franklin recognizes a lover when he hears one. He can sense if a caller is about to whimper. "Well," Franklin says, "let's be articulate here. Don't just say 'trucks.' What the hell kind of trucks you mean? Double bottoms? Twelve-wheelers?"

"P-P-Pickup trucks, Pete. You know, you put ropes on 'em and pull."

The mouth that always roars

In sports-talk radio, Cleveland's Pete Franklin is the champ of insults

Franklin pauses for effect and then swoops in for the kill. When it comes to interrogating witnesses, he makes Howard Cosell sound like a choirboy. "Tell me something," he says. "Has anyone ever pulled on your brain and found anything there?"

"No," the caller says tremulously.

"That's what I figured!" Franklin roars. Boom! His finger hits the red disconnect button, and Lenny the truck puller is sent deadheading, as it were, into the night, never to be heard from again unless he's a glutton for punishment and calls back for more.

This kind of scene is repeated a half dozen times a night on

Franklin's enormously successful five-hour-long Sportsline show for WWWE, a 50,000-watt clear-channel station that can be heard at 1100 kHz in 38 states and parts of Canada. A writer for *The Cleveland Plain Dealer* once wrote that Franklin, 53, is "loud, boastful, obnoxious, rude, fawning, mercenary, exhibitionistic and overbearing." He was only half right. Sweet Pete is also brilliant, vulgar, informed, profane, fascinating, cruel, leering and funny—once you realize that 90% of his insult-the-caller routine is contrived to keep the show moving.

"A lot of it is show business," admits The Mouth. "I yell at some guy, dress him down, call him a Communist, that's what people will remember—the social faux pas. You analyze it. What did I do? I spoke to some anonymous person and called him a dum-dum. All I did was violate someone's sense of propriety."

There's obviously a market for such uncouth behavior. Franklin's show has been rated No. 1 on nightly radio in Cleveland for more than a decade; he dominates his city as no other broadcast-

ers do there. He pulls in 22.4% of male listeners aged 25 to 54 in his area, and his weekly audience averages 250,000 listeners in the Cleveland area. Other knowledgeable and more civilized sports talkers—Cincinnati's Bob Trumpy, New York's Art Ruz Jr. and Washington's Ken Beatrice, to name a few—have larger audiences but smaller audience shares. They also have far fewer enemies.

Franklin says some of his callers are looms who instinctively gravitate toward talk shows. Some are "out-and-out morons who deserve to be treated as such." And others are repeat callers—"It's all they have in life." The rest are intelligent fans seeking the unvarnished truth, says Franklin, "so if I think a guy can't coach or is detrimental to the franchise, then—whammo!—I go after him."

It's here that the darker side of Franklin emerges. His criticisms do possess kernels of truth but too often spill over into character assassination. Though he greased the skids for former Indians Manager Frank Robinson, among others, none of his targets has endured consummately to equal that heaped on Cavaliers owner and former WWWE client Ted Saseien, whom Franklin has nicknamed TS—as in Too Stupid—and accused of being "a fascist" and other terms of endearment (Saseien sued WWWE last

year, charging that the station breached its contract with the Cavs by allowing Franklin and play-by-play announcer Joe Tait to rip the team. He later dropped the suit.)

With Sweet Pete's lighter side in mind, we offer these final Franklisms.

"What do you think this show is, *kid*? *Sesame Street*? You should be in bed by now... You bore me, meat-head. What did you take, Tylenol for dinner? I love to talk to intelligent sports fans. The rest of you dummies, hop inside a mummy and sew yourself up."

We confess that we yanked these lines out of context, Pete. But we have a suggestion. If you don't like it, why don't you just bug off?

END



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Detroit rolls out a hot model

After years of sluggish performance, the Pistons are now finely cruising

by Anthony Cotton

For most of his life Isiah Thomas had dreamed of this moment—but the moment wasn't his. Champagne and merriment flowed freely throughout the locker room of the Los Angeles Lakers last June as they celebrated their winning of the NBA championship, and Thomas took it in with the wide-eyed amazement of a child. Wordlessly he watched as Kareem Abdul-Jabbar hosted his son, Amir, in one arm and the championship trophy in the other and carried them around the room. And he spotted his friend Magic Johnson being mobbed by teammates, journalists and Hollywood stars. Traces of tears appeared in Thomas' eyes. "Whatever it takes," he said, "I'm going to make sure this happens to me."

In June one might have dismissed Thomas' vow as the emotion of the moment, because the 6' 1" guard is a member of the Detroit Pistons, who for most of their 26 years, have been located closer to the league's outhouse than its penthouse. But five months after Thomas' glance at grandeur, all of the Pistons are playing as if they too have been swept away by the same vision.

Following a 3-1 week, highlighted by last Friday's 111-100 romp over perennial Central Division kingpin Milwaukee (the other games were a 108-105 win over Washington, a 115-91 victory over Indiana and a 112-100 loss to the Knicks), the Pistons had a 7-3 record and stood at the top of the Central. That added up to Detroit's best start in 12 years, and the Motor City's wheels were a-spin as fans attempted to get near their team at luncheons, at dinners and at shopping center autograph sessions. Coach Scotty Robertson made an appearance on the local ABC affiliate's *Good Afternoon Detroit*, while Thomas did a guest shot on CBS' *Sports Sunday*.

Piston patrons were finding their way to the Silverdome, too. The Friday crowd of 17,147 was the eighth-largest in the team's history; the largest was the 28,222 who turned out on Nov. 5 for a game against the Philadelphia 76ers. "I can't

describe how it felt seeing those 28,000 people there," says Pistons General Manager Jack McCloskey. "During our first year here we would have been lucky to get 2,800."

Thomas and 6' 6" Forward Kelly Trippucka, the catalysts behind Detroit's conversion, were in their freshman and junior years of college, respectively, in December of 1979 when McCloskey left his job as an assistant coach with the Pacers to oversee the worst operation in basketball. Coached first by Dick Vitale, who was fired 12 games into the season, and then by Richie Adubato, the Pistons tumbled their way to a 16-66 record in 1979-80. "Fundamentally, we were totally unsound," recalls McCloskey. "Passing, dribbling, running, shooting... we couldn't do any of those things."

The front office wasn't very adept at its job, either. When Detroit wasn't wasting its first-round draft picks on second-rate players, it was trading away other choices for players like George Trapp and Howard Porter.

That wasn't the problem in the 1981 draft when, following a 21-61 season, the Pistons selected Thomas No. 2 and Trippucka No. 12 in the first round. Detroit invested \$1.6 million in Thomas and \$600,000 in Trippucka, and they immediately paid dividends. Last season Trippucka led the Pistons in minutes played and scored 21.6 points per game, second on the team only to Guard John Long's 21.9, while Thomas was third in scoring with a 17-point average and paced Detroit in assists, with 7.8, the sixth-best in the league. The Pistons finished the season 39-43, their best record in five years, and narrowly missed a playoff spot. This season anything less than a postseason berth will be considered a failure by Robertson. "Some nights we can play at the level of a Philadelphia or Boston, but we're not there consistently," he says.

"We belong at the next level, fighting with the New Jerseys and Washingtons, trying to establish our identity."

The difference between Detroit and the league's superpowers, according to McCloskey, is quality talent. "People can talk all they want about things like chemistry and character," he says, "but if that was all it took, teams would be playing five clergymen at a time. If you don't have the talent to start with, you just won't win."

Detroit has overcome its lack of recognized quality with hard work and role playing. Long is one of the league's best, if least known, scoring off guards, while 6' 10" Forward Kent Benson and 6' 11" Center Bill Laimbeer concentrate on the boards, where through Sunday they had combined for an average 20 rebounds a game. And although this season's pair of first-round draft choices, Forward Cliff Livingston and Guard Ricky Pierce,

continued



Thomas tossed in 19 points and helped the Pistons shoot down the 76ers 108-105.



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The Pistons discovered Tripucka has nonstop drive.

PRO BASKETBALL continued

have yet to make a noticeable contribution, the Pistons have other talents to call on. When Long and Benson each missed three games with injuries last week, Vinnie Johnson and Edgar Jones replaced them and averaged five assists and 12 points, respectively.

In Thomas and Tripucka, though, the Pistons have a duo comparable in quality to any in the league. Thus, Detroit revolves around them, despite their lack of experience. "It's not an ideal situation, relying on two youngsters, but it's the one we've found ourselves in," says Robertson. "We've restructured this entire franchise and put all our eggs into two young baskets."

Neither Thomas nor Tripucka would have it any other way. "I've never been the kind of player who would back down and hide in the corner saying, 'Please don't pass the ball to me,'" says Tripucka. "I'd rather be taking the big shots I've been doing it for a long time. Why stop now?"

"That's the way I have to play," says Thomas. "I'd be terrible if I were allowed to just go through the motions. It's my job to make sure everyone else on the floor is doing the right thing. And if I'm not right, I can't make them be right either."

Thomas has pushed his scoring up to 22.8 points a game this season while still averaging 7.3 assists. He was scoring at

about the same clip at a similar time last year, but his average and attitude plummeted during a falling-out with Robertson. "I'd never done things the way he wanted them done," Thomas says. "I'd always felt I played an all-round game, scoring, passing, playing defense. But it seemed he wanted me to change my priorities: pass the ball, play defense and then, maybe, score. For a time I felt one-dimensional on the offensive end of the court, just penetrating and dishing off. It was like part of my game was taken away from me. Now I know how he wants things done. I'm a little smarter, a little more mature. But he's relaxed a bit more too."

Tripucka has also learned to relax, although you couldn't tell it from his non-stop motion on the court. "Every time I walked out on a floor last season I felt I had to prove one thing or another," he says. "People were second-guessing me and my ability to the point where I felt like I wasn't allowed to have a bad game. Now it's a whole different world out there. I'm relaxed game in and game out. The statistics may not be as good as last season but my productivity has increased."

Actually, Tripucka's stats have improved; he's playing 38.2 minutes a game and averaging 25.7 points, enough to stifle any critics. Although Tripucka had an 18-point regular-season average and some impressive performances in post-season all-star games following his senior year at Notre Dame, some people in the NBA questioned whether he would be a factor in the league. Too slow, too in-between, too ordinary.

Tripucka says, "First I wasn't good enough, then I didn't score 30 points a game at Notre Dame. Still, I always felt I could play whatever game a team wanted to play—slowdown, fast break, whatever. Ever since Adrian Dantley, people just don't score much at Notre Dame: you play 26 minutes a game, take 10 to 15 shots and play team ball."

That formula was good enough for Tripucka's teammate on the Irish, Laimbeer, who has never really worried about being a star. The son of what he calls "a

vice-president of a very large corporation [Owens-Illinois]," Laimbeer isn't over-serious about the game. "There have always been other options available to me. Basketball is just a game," he says.

After an undistinguished year and a half with the Cleveland Cavaliers, it appeared that the 25-year-old center would have to fall back on one of those other options. Then last Feb. 16, only nine minutes before the end of the league's trading deadline, Laimbeer was sent to Detroit. Since his acquisition, the Pistons have had a 23-17 record. "I've always felt that my time was my time, whether I wanted to travel or fish or just lie around and do nothing," says Laimbeer. "Basketball never entered into it. But after I came here last season and everyone showed such confidence in me, I felt I had to do something to repay them."

Laimbeer reported to the Cavaliers' camp at 280 pounds a year ago but weighed in at a relatively svelte 254 this fall, the result of "touching a basketball between the last game and the first practice for the first time since junior high school." Thus far, Laimbeer has averaged almost 13 points and 12 rebounds a game. "I don't know about the future, but this year I want to do something, like be a top-10 rebounder," he says. "Everyone has said I can't do this or that. I want to show them I can."

So do the rest of the Pistons. Although to a man they downplayed the Milwaukee game beforehand, they saw it as an indication of how far the team had come—or how far it had to go. Not only would the Pistons be judged by the Bucks but also by the Detroit fans.

Early in the game it seemed that the Pistons hadn't traveled far enough. The Bucks bullied their way to a lead of seven points in the first quarter and as many as nine in the second. Each time, though, the Pistons battled back to within one and trailed 54-53 at the half.

In the second half it was the Pistons who took charge. Thomas and Tripucka scored 14 of Detroit's first 17 points in the third quarter and keyed a 19-9 spurt that put the Pistons into a lead that they maintained to the end.

After the victory, one might have thought the Pistons had lost the game, such was the calm throughout their Silverdome locker room. Perhaps such victories were becoming commonplace. Or perhaps Thomas and his teammates were dreaming of celebrations yet to come. **END**

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by Jack Falla

He served it up early and with Pumper-Nicholl. In a swirling Picasso of a hockey game Saturday night before a sellout (16,005) crowd at The Forum in Los Angeles, Kings rookie Center Bernie Nicholls scored a goal that helped his improved, if sometimes inconsistent, team to a 2-1 win over the Montreal Canadiens. It was a typical Nicholls goal, short-range and opportunistic. Left Wing Charlie Simmer waded into the left corner with Montreal Defenseman Gilbert Delorme and the back-checking Keith Acton. There Simmer outmuscled the two Canadiens to get a pass to Right Wing Jimmy Fox. Fox's shot was stopped by Goalie Rick Wamsley, but Wamsley failed to cover the rebound. The puck bounced to Nicholls, and he converted the 6-foot gimme for the first goal of the game at 4:34 of the opening period.

Thereupon the exuberant Nicholls went into his unique Pumper-Nicholl, the most flamboyant postgoal routine seen in L.A. since the days of Eddie Shack's choppy-strided Night Train runs across the Forum ice. With his stick in his left hand and his right knee raised almost waist-high, Nicholls leaned back and drove his right arm through a series of emphatic pumping motions. "I've done it since I was a kid," he says. "I'm so happy when I score I have to let it out."

The 21-year-old Nicholls has good reason to be happy. As the NHL season nears the quarter pole, he is well ahead in the Rookie of the Year race. Not only did he lead the league's first-year players in points (23) and shots (58) as of Sunday, but he was also tied for second in the NHL in goals with 16. Moreover, largely because of Nicholls' near goal-a-game production, the Kings, picked to finish last in the Smythe Division by most pre-season prognosticators, had an 8-6-3 record and were just three points behind the first-place Edmonton Oilers.

The dire forecasts for L.A. were understandable. In 1981-82 the Kings had the second-worst defense in the league, the worst penalty killing and an offense largely concentrated in one line, the so-called Triple Crown contingent of Simmer, Marcel Dionne and Dave Taylor.

But the addition of another consistent goal scorer in Nicholls has given Coach Don Perry, who replaced Parker MacDonald behind the L.A. bench in January, the luxury of "spreading our scoring over two lines."

A perfect example of luxurious living for Perry occurred Saturday when Canadian Coach Bob Berry paired his premier checking line of Bob Gainey, Acton and Mark Hunter against the Nicholls-Fox-Simmer triad, leaving the line of Dionne, Ulf Isaksson and Darryl Evans, who's filling in for the injured Taylor, a little working room. A little too much, in Montreal's view. After 37:15 of evenly played and at times breathtaking, if scoreless, hockey, Dionne took a breakout pass from Defenseman Jerry Korab and fired a 20-footer past Wamsley for a 2-0 lead. "Having Bernie definitely helps Marcel's line," said a smiling Perry later.



Bernie gave the Canadiens a taste of Pumper-Nicholl.

It's Pumper-Nicholl on a roll

L.A. rookie scoring whiz Bernie Nicholls is eating up the opposition

Perry, you may recall, is not a man given to wasting smiles. Most sports fans first heard of him late last season, when he sent Forward Paul Mulvey to the minors for disobeying Perry's order to involve himself in an on-ice fight. At Saturday morning's wake-up workout in L.A., the hot-tempered Perry expressed his displeasure at what he considered a desultory pass-skate drill by skating across the ice, smashing his stick over the boards and storming off the rink amidst a shower of splinters, ice chips and profanity. "And he never said another word about it," said Center Terry Ruskowski following that night's game.

Last year Perry set about shoring up

L.A.'s defense by stressing sound back-checking by the forwards. He had the wingers come back deep to check and assigned the center to pick up the third man into the Kings' zone. Hardly the stuff of headlines. Five weeks after his arrival, he sent for Nicholls, who was starting (41 goals in 55 games) in the American Hockey League for the New Haven team Perry had been coaching when he was offered the Kings job. Nicholls hit L.A. like a tremor along the San Andreas fault. Over the final 21 games of the regular season (a player retains his rookie status until he appears in 25 games in a single regular season) Nicholls led the Kings in scoring with 14 goals and 18 assists. He

continued



After 17 games the high-flying Nicholls was tied for second in the NHL with 16 goals.

HOCKEY continued

also had hat tricks in three straight home games. Thus, Korab labeled him *The Mad Hatter*, though that moniker has given way to *Pumper-Nicholls*.

In the first round of the Stanley Cup playoffs, Nicholls scored the winning goal in the fifth and deciding game against the Wayne Gretzky-led Oilers. But that's not Edmonton fans' most vivid recollection of Nicholls from that series. Following a 3-2 loss in Game 4, Nicholls was sitting by himself in the locker room, stewing over the defeat. To no one in particular he said, "That Gretzky's a f---g---got." Edmonton *Sun* sportswriter Dick Chubey overheard the remark and included it in his account of the game that ran the next morning.

"He [Gretzky] had a few names for me when we played the next night," says Nicholls. "I don't blame him. I didn't mean what the words said, and I didn't mean he's a wimp, either. The guy plays 80 games. I was just mad." Nicholls says that he ran into Gretzky over the summer and that Gretzky doesn't harbor any hard feelings toward him.

However, the fact that Nicholls would even unintentionally sully the name of

the near-sainted Gretzky bespeaks a brashness not commonly found in NHL rookies. "Bernie has more self-confidence than anybody in the world," says Kings Defenseman Jay Wells, who shares a four-bedroom house overlooking the beach in El Segundo with Nicholls and Evans. "It's a great party house," says Nicholls, whose curly blond hair and fine, almost fragile features surely aid him in what he says is one of his main diversions—the pursuit of girls.

Though not averse to the occasional soiree, Nicholls is at heart, he says, a "country boy" from tiny West Guilford, Ontario, where his father and uncle operate a hunting camp. Starting at age seven, Bernie tended his father's trap lines, developed what he describes as considerable hunting skills and acquired an abiding love for the backwoods. "It's God's country, the place I'll go every summer, and the place I'll retire to," he says. While Nicholls claims to like Southern California, he thinks of himself as "a lot more country than rock-n-roll." His favorite singer is Hank Williams Jr., and one of his favorite songs is fittingly titled *A Country Boy Can Survive*. His favorite outfit: black and white \$250 boar-constructor boots and one of his lizard shirts—

"You know, the ones with the little animals on them," he says.

Nicholls was recently piqued when an otherwise laudatory profile of him in the *Los Angeles Times* reported that he'd missed in his efforts to shoot a deer the day before departing his parents' home for the Kings' training camp. His annoyance stemmed not from the fact that the incident took place out of hunting season or from the fact that he was being portrayed as a Bambi-killer before the folks in Jane Fonda country. What bothered him was that, as he says, "I've never missed a deer. Never. Bear either. And coons? Coons are easier than L.A. girls. It's foxes I miss. Foxes are smart. They circle instead of running straight."

Much like the foxes who elude him in the Canadian bush, Nicholls is a circler and slitherer on the ice. He's constantly in motion in front of the opposition's net, usually on the open side. At 6 feet, 185 pounds, he's big enough to throw his weight around, too. "But Don [Perry] doesn't want me challenging the defense-men," says Nicholls. "On our line, Chaz [Simmer] does a lot of work in the corners. Fox and I are the snipers."

Kings rookie Goalie Gary Laskowski, who faces Nicholls at every practice, says, "He's great at getting you going one way and then shooting back across the grain." Adds Calgary Goalender Don Edwards, "You can't go down and try to stop him because he has the composure to go upstairs. And if you stand up and don't play the angle right, he's still going to beat you."

If Nicholls has a major weakness, it's his skating. He was born pigeon-toed, his left foot turning inward so far that he had to wear a brace for six months when he was two. "The foot never really straightened out completely," says his mother, Marge. "I think that's why he looks a little awkward when he skates."

"A little awkward," says Perry with a laugh. "He's so knobby-kneed he looks as if he's going in two directions at once. But it's not so much that he's a bad skater as he is a bad-looking skater. He actually has good balance, and he's moving along faster than he looks. But I don't care what he looks like as long as he can put the puck in the net."

Right now, Nicholls looks like a country boy who can do better than merely survive.

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As scripted by David Wolper, a movie producer, the drama begins with a 1973 meeting of assorted showbiz moguls plotting the future of the International Volleyball Association, a new pro league they have created in Southern California. Looking on, a young newcomer of the button-down, conservative persuasion seems badly mismatched, a callow babe among the flashy barons of the box office. Being interested in buying one of the IVA franchises, the newcomer listens impassively as Wolper, the league president, directs a discussion of several grandiose schemes that are guaranteed to loose a volleyball mania upon the land.

"We thought we were running the NFL," Wolper recalls. "But suddenly the new guy, this outsider, says, 'Wait a second. I'm not going to buy a franchise in this league. You guys don't know what the hell you're doing.' And then he

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MISER WITH A MIDAS TOUCH

Peter Ueberroth was hired by the Los Angeles Olympic Organizing Committee to stage the 1984 Games cheaply. Now he predicts a profit

by Ray Kennedy





Ueberroth

continued

proceeded to tell us everything we were doing wrong. He said all us 'Hollywood types' were spending too much money and ought to cut things down. Pay everyone a fixed rate, play in cheaper stadiums and run everything on a shoestring until we got established.

"And we said, 'Don't tell us how to run our league. We don't need your damn franchise. Take a hike.'"

Now the scene shifts to 1978 and another meeting in Los Angeles featuring Wolper and six fellow members of a mayor's committee assigned to find an all-purpose impresario to stage a little production number called the 1984 Summer Olympics, the one being billed as the first no-frills, debt-free, back-to-basics Games in modern history.

Going for someone with marquee value, the executive head-hunting firm hired to conduct the search approached such notables as Pete Rozelle and Alexander Haig. However, after surveying "trillions" of candidates in a two-month campaign that rivaled Hollywood's nationwide hunt for a lovable Anne, the search team presented the committee with a list of six finalists, none with name recognition.

Or almost none. For now, as the com-

mittee begins to weigh the qualifications of each finalist, one name on the list rings a very shrill bell in Wolper's memory. "Peter Ueberroth!" he exclaims. "He's the guy who tried to tell us how to run our damn volleyball league. And he was right. We went broke. That's the guy we need. If anyone can run a Spartan Olympics, the cheap sonofabitch can!"

And so it came to pass that Peter V. Ueberroth, age 45, prince of the private sector, the golden boy with a miser's touch, was named president of the Los Angeles Olympic Organizing Committee (LAOOC).

Only in Tinseltown, the new adventure series starring Ueberroth and his dauntless Five-Ring Gang, is still in rehearsals for its grand finale two years hence, of course. And there will be many cuts and revisions between now and the time when the spectacle unfolds in the City of Angels from July 28 to Aug. 12, 1984, before a worldwide TV audience of some 2½ billion enraptured souls, or "more than half the living, breathing people on earth," as Ueberroth likes to put it.

But already the advance sales and merchandising of the big show are such a smash hit that Ueberroth—a man so laid back he's almost supine, as they say in Hollywood—was recently moved to remark, "It's working economically."

Which for him is a rare review. Indeed, in the wake of the staggering \$9 bil-

lion the Russians splurged on the 1980 Moscow Games and the horrendous \$1 billion deficit run up by the mad builders of the 1976 Montreal Games, the 1984 Los Angeles Games are shaping up as a model of modesty and restraint, the very mirror image, in fact, of their designer, Ueberroth.



Ueberroth sure gets around. Below, he visits the Coliseum, a '32 leftover getting a face-lift for '84. Right, he helicopters over the construction of the velodrome, a rare new venue for '84.



At present, largely by holding construction to a minimum and using existing facilities—the Coliseum for athletics (track and field), the Forum for basketball, the Rose Bowl for soccer, Santa Anita racetrack for equestrian events, the UCLA and USC campuses for athletic housing, etc.—the total cost of the L.A.

Games in 1984-inflated dollars is expected to round out at a nice unassuming estimate \$500 million. "And we're doing our best to end with a 10 percent surplus," says Ueberroth.

Translation: The Five-Ring Gang is going to pull off a job that could rack up a \$50 million profit. Can it be? Yes, it can, although Ueberroth would never say profit, the LAOOC being nominally a private nonprofit corporation. And cautious man that he is, he's still holding to an earlier projection of a \$21 million profit—er, surplus—all of it, whatever the name or final amount to go to the furtherance of amateur sports in Southern California (40%), throughout the U.S. (40%) and to the national governing bodies of amateur sports (20%). What Ueberroth does say unequivocally is, "Ours will be the most financially successful Games ever."

That's not bravado, those are the numbers talking. So believe Ueberroth when he says that to date, with more than \$140 million in advance payments from sponsors piling up interest in the bank, "We've yet to spend a penny." And will not until the first quarter of 1984 when the bulk of the Games' bills fall due. "We haven't even had to touch the principal."

Below, Ueberroth checks the new swim stadium with Dick Perry of USC, right, at Lake Casitas he consults Rowing Coach Barry Berkas and the G.D.R.'s Manfred Fwald

Ueberroth explains. "We're operating just on our income from interest. And with these current interest rates, our income is exceeding our expenses by a half-million dollars every three months."

What with the Five-Ring Gang slashing costs in every turn, the 50 file drawers



jammed with detailed financial research, the strict no-credit, cash-as-you-go, non-refundable-deposit policies, the inflation clauses locked into each contract, the cost projections with double and triple reserves for unknown factors, the bonded guarantees from builders to avoid delays and overruns, and not one but two accounting firms keeping weely-eyed watch over all, well, as tight ships go, the LAOOC is fairly twanging. "We just don't plan to make any financial mistakes," says Ueberroth.

Terrific, but what about soul? That's a question that concerns, among others, Maureen A. Kindel, president of the Los Angeles Public Works Commission and, as head of an LAOOC committee that is planning the Games' cultural events, a "friendly critic." She says, "I worry

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Ueberroth

continued

about the soul of the Olympics, worry that the citizens of Los Angeles will really feel a great commitment to the Olympic Games and that they will enjoy the magic of them. I worry that all we hear about is the positive balance on our ledger sheet. Are we failing to make some humanistic decisions now because of the desire for a large profit just for profit's sake?"

You want soul? Ueberroth's got soul. And to prove it he provides a glossy four-by-six-inch printup of two of his favorite quotations embossed with the LAOOC's shooting-star logo, a kind of inspirational calling card he had done up for folks who might want to know where he's coming from. One quote is from a speech by Baron Pierre de Coubertin, the father of the modern Games, made shortly after the 1908 London Olympics, a relatively showy affair marked by some nationalistic infighting:

"The next Olympic Games must not have the same character. They must be kept more purely athletic, they must be more dignified, more discreet and more in accordance with the classic artistic requirements. The Games must be more intimate and, above all, the Games must be less expensive."

In response, Ueberroth utters a fairly glossy pronouncement of his own: "We will follow the Baron's suggestions, and the Olympic movement and the world will be better for it."

"Our goal is to make the Olympics a sporting event again, to do something



That's Buster Crabbe in the shades, being honored for his swimming victory at the '32 Games.

right for the athletes. We're not trying to be bigger, better, grander. We're clearly trying to put on a Games that goes back to the early, easy principles of the Olympics, to celebrate sport."

But Ueberroth's soul reasons are not the only reasons for "doing the Games right." Consider the other quotation on his calling card:

"Some see private enterprise as a predatory target to be shot, others as a cow to be milked, but few are those who see it as a sturdy horse pulling the wagon"—Winston Churchill

Peter Ueberroth: "The 1984 Games will be a privately managed event with no taxpayer money, no government funds, no donations, not one cent. In the past, they always awarded the Games to a city and city-oriented people ran it. This will be the first time ever that an Olympic Games will be managed by sports people and business people, and it will be copied in the future."

Ueberroth is putting in his share of 100-hour weeks to assure it. Of late, he prefers the more politic approach of shifting the focus from the business side to the sporting side whenever possible, which is where it belongs, he feels, despite suggestions that the maneuver is also a handy

cover for predatory targets. More surprised than wounded by such potshots, Ueberroth now seems resigned to the fact that in the coming months "I'll be in line for a lot of criticism. Criticism will be healthy, but we'll be ready for it."

"Running the Olympic Games makes more people unhappy than any job I can think of. Almost any decision I make, like selecting one accounting firm over seven others, well, you just don't satisfy many people. I've got to be among the most hated men in the world."

Not so, if only because Ueberroth is barely known on the streets of Los Angeles, much less loathed in Bratislava. In a city that dotes on the celebrity cult, the man who is producing the biggest show in Tinseltown annals could pivotette into Ma Manson and fire up the croques sautees with the Olympic torch and still not draw a second glance from a single agent or starlet. Instead, Ueberroth sits at his desk and goes home at night to his wife and children. Funky, but hardly the stuff of gossip columns: Mark him calm, soft-spoken and self-effacing. Low profile all the way.

Oh, Ueberroth can deliver a suitably roaring speech when the occasion calls. He is enough of a skilled diplomat to have gained the respect of the International Olympic Committee, which was none too happy about turning its Games over to a Yankee profiteer, winning reviews of "impeccably organized" from President Juan Antonio Samaranch of Spain and "outstanding" from Director Monique Berlioux of France.

continued

Maxine Stern offers his boss and L.A. City Attorney Ira Rosner



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Ueberroth

continued

Still, as one colleague says, "There are a lot of shields and mirrors there." Partly, that is because Ueberroth happens to be a very private man thrust into a very public job. And, partly, it is a new veil of caution he has thrown up to ward off unnecessary controversy and protect himself from a natural inclination to be frank. And part of it would seem to stem from a deep-seated suspicion of the media, which Ueberroth denies he has. But, says one staffer, "They [the LAOCG higher-ups] are petrified of the press." It goes deeper than that. Another person familiar with the inner workings of the LAOCG, says that Ueberroth feels "the media should

"G.D.R." instead of East Germany, "non-participation" when he means boycott and "our friends in the Soviet Union" when alluding to the Russian sports heroes who periodically knock "the millionaire Peter Ueberroth" and his capitalist Games.

All that diplomatic kowtowing matters not. Staging the Olympics is a game of substance, not style. And in that venue, Ueberroth has proved himself a world-class competitor. He's well known in the circles that count, clearly understood by the people who matter.

For example, John Martin, ABC vice-president in charge of sports program-

"The nice little things that are being done quietly." In fact, are what Ueberroth seems proudest of. To wit: the recent dedication of a new velodrome and the LAOCG's new headquarters building, both ahead of schedule and under budget, and a strong equal-opportunity policy that is reflected in the makeup of LAOCG management, which is 41% minority personnel and women.

An inveterate list-maker, Ueberroth tends to, well, numerize things when he speaks as well. For example, when asked why he took on so awesome a responsibility, he says, "One, because I believe that Los Angeles can put on the greatest Olympics ever. Two, because it will immensely benefit employment and boost the economy of Southern California. And three, because of the challenge of doing something right one time."

Likewise, by the numbers, herewith a sampler from Ueberroth's list of firsts:

1) The \$225 million deal with ABC, the largest transaction ever made for a single TV event, will result in the largest amount of coverage ever committed to a single TV event—some 220 hours over 16 days.

2) The L.A. Games, with a record 14,000 athletes from 150 countries, says Ueberroth, will mark "the first time that everybody is coming since World War II. The People's Republic of China is sending a team for the first time in 50 years. Originally, they intended to bring 30 athletes. Now they plan to bring 300."

3) The 1984 Games will also introduce a record 15 new events, 11 of them for women. "All told," says Ueberroth, "45 percent of the athletes in the 1984 Games will be women as opposed to only 25 percent at the 1980 Games."

A full appreciation of the unique nature of Ueberroth's undertaking, or what LAOCG literature calls "another American Great Experiment," requires a bit of background. Way, way background.

Fifty summers ago, when Los Angeles was less than one-third its present size, the city hosted the 1932 Olympics. As if conjured by Cecil B. De Mille, the X Games rose out of the depths of the Depression to become a full-blown epic that set the pattern for the opulent, wildly expensive Olympics that were to come. Among other wonders, the 1932 Games boasted a magnificent Coliseum (built in

continued



No stranger to diplomacy, Ueberroth toasts Ewald, head of the G.D.R.'s athletic federations.

be controlled. Period. I mean the word 'controlled.' That word was used." As a result, whenever Ueberroth broaches any subject more sensitive than the weather, about the only hot fact on the record is that he's talking off the record.

"Once burned, twice cautious," says Amy Collis, assistant vice-president of the LAOCG news department, explaining that her boss must "constantly be aware of the Games' global image." That is, aware that a throwaway line dropped, say, at a dedication ceremony at Lake Casitas, site of the rowing and canoeing events, can make angry waves in Bulgarian kayak circles.

Ueberroth has also learned to say

ming, was twice impressed by what he saw and didn't see of Ueberroth during negotiations for the TV rights to the L.A. Games. The LAOCG president played a key role in hammering out a record \$225 million contract with the network, Martin states. But when it came time for the traditional "class picture," in which the combatants lovingly lock arms like battered boxers after the final bell, Ueberroth had slipped away to give a speech to the Los Angeles County Deputy Sheriff's Department. "I thought it was ironic," says Martin, "that after we had put in all those hours negotiating and it was now time for a little glory, he was off doing other things."

Ueberroth

continued

1921 for football and baseball and refurbished for the Games) and, for the first time ever, a picturesque Olympic Village.

The bigger, better, grander fever of the 1932 Games touched off a series of financially disastrous Games, culminating with the deficit that saddled Montreal's citizenry with a stiff 20-year surtax. Once deemed a high honor, acquisition of the Games fell into such disrepute that Los Angeles suddenly found itself the sole bidder for the 1984 Olympics.

A poll of Angelenos at the time showed that while 80% were in favor of hosting the Games if they could be held without spending any city money, that figure dropped to 34% if the Games might result in a deficit. Hence, the "businesslike Olympics." "We are invoking the spirit of Sparta," said California Governor Jerry Brown. "There will be zero government money spent. Zero."

The rank air of skepticism that hovered over L.A. Games II wasn't easily dissipated. Not even a 1978 city charter amendment, avowing that "the city shall not, directly or indirectly, appropriate or disburse any city funds for the purpose of promoting the 1984 Olympic Games," wholly appeased the 72% majority that voted for it.

Nor the International Olympic Committee. If the host city wasn't financially responsible for the Games, as decreed by IOC rules, who then was? The Southern California Committee for the Olympic Games, which had promoted L.A.'s bid for the Games, held out for the unprecedented concept that a private corporation could and should be solely responsible for the Games. In the end, after seven long, often rancorous months of negotiations, a compromise was struck, namely that the United States Olympic Committee (USOC) would assume joint responsibility with the SCCOG for the Games, and the IOC capitulated.

"The key to the whole Olympics," says SCCOG Chairman John Argue, "was to hire one good man."

Ueberroth, meanwhile, wasn't exactly nursing a cherry Coke at Schwab's drugstore, waiting to be discovered. Starting from ground zero, he had become the high-flying chairman of his own immensely successful company, First Travel Corp. of Van Nuys, Calif., a self-made boy wonder with a knack for squeezing high returns from a business with a notoriously low profit margin.

The son of a building-products salesman, Ueberroth was born in Chicago and had lived in five states and attended six elementary schools and two high schools by the time the family took root in Burlingame, a San Francisco bedroom community. Along the way, like some migrant Horatio Alger Jr., he had mowed the lawns, caddied at the golf courses and plied the paper routes of a stretch of suburban America extending from the leafy groves of Upper Darby, Pa. through the plains of Davenport, Iowa to the shores of Laguna Beach, Calif. While in high school, he ran the aquatics program at a YMCA summer camp in the Santa Cruz Mountains and for two years worked full-time as the recreation director at Twelve Acres, a home for children from broken families.

Looking back, Ueberroth feels that he

had an invaluable opportunity "to learn how to adapt, to learn a little more about life a little earlier."

What gave it focus were the spirited debates his father moderated at the supper table each evening. The fare was strictly meat-and-potatoes stuff—economics, world affairs, current events. "Those were my father's interests and I inherited them from him," says Ueberroth. "He would constantly challenge the three of us, my older sister, my younger brother and me, and there was always an encyclopedia handy. My father never graduated from grammar school, but he was a brilliant individual, very well-read. A student of world trade who had street smarts."

Ueberroth's sports credentials are legit, as attested to by a nose that hooks left and right like a club fighter's. The appendage has been broken more times than he can count, the legacy of an average-size jock with an uncommon love for body contact.

A four-letter man for the Fremont (Calif.) High Indians, Ueberroth combined what skills he had in football, swimming, basketball and baseball to try out for—and win—a partial scholarship to San Jose State in a sport he had never played before, water polo. While captain of the Spartan (prophetically enough) freshman team, he came within an eggbeater kick or two of making the U.S. water polo team that competed in the 1956 Melbourne Olympics. In his final two seasons at San Jose State, he led the league in scoring.

Dick Sargent, a college fraternity brother who is currently the LAOC's chief of operations, offers this recollection of Ueberroth (which means, appropriately, "above red" in German) the undergraduate: "Always working." In addition to playing water polo and carrying a full load of courses, Ueberroth worked 30 to 40 hours a week at a variety of jobs that enabled him, he says proudly, to pay "every last dime of my schooling and expenses." He pumped gas,

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The usually active Ueberroths in repose: Peter, Ginny, Joe and, kneeling, Heidi and Keel. Daughter Vicki is away at college in Colorado.



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Ueberroth

continued

sold women's shoes and worked on a chicken ranch, snatching eggs from 20,000 state hens, a pursuit not without its Olympic parallels. "You get pecked a lot," he says.

The job, though, that shaped Ueberroth's future was that of ramp agent for the non-scheduled airlines servicing Oakland Airport. Neither the aircraft, dusty DC-25s, DC-35s and DC-45s, nor the names of the "non-skeds"—Blatz Airways, Portland Rose Airlines, Great Lakes Airlines—were terribly romantic, but for Ueberroth it was like commanding his own air force. "I did everything."

Within a year, Kerkorian summoned Ueberroth to L.A. and made him, at age 22, a vice-president and 3% shareholder of Los Angeles Air Service, a name which the new veep, already thinking big, convinced Kerkorian to change to Trans International Airlines.

When Kerkorian sold Trans International in 1962, Ueberroth cashed in his stock, leased a DC-6 and soloed for the first time with a round-trip package deal to the Seattle World's Fair. He abruptly nose-dived into debt, however, when hoteliers reneged on the rate commitments and raised their prices so high, he

later he founded Colony Hotels Inc., a resort-management firm that grew rapidly to encompass a dozen luxury playgrounds with 4,000 condominiums.

First Travel Corp., which Ueberroth formed in 1974 as the holding company for TCI, Ask Mr. Foster and Colony Hotels, prospered in good part, he believes, because of an incentive policy of giving employees shares of company stock, and hiring practices that were "beyond enlightenment." He says, "We hired housewives who wanted to return to the work force. We put a 72-year-old man in charge of a travel agency and he did great."

By 1978 First Travel, with 1,500 employees in 200 offices worldwide and gross revenues in excess of \$200 million annually, had become the second-largest travel company in North America and was gaining ground on the leader, American Express. Ueberroth, a millionaire several times over before he was 40, just as he predicted he would be during his honey-bucket days, was enjoying the prerogatives of a \$400,000-a-year chief executive, commuting to work in the summer from a place near Laguna Beach in his own Cessna 310.

What Ueberroth didn't foresee was the December morning in 1978 when SCCOG's headhunters, Korn-Ferry International, hot on the trail of the "one good man," made a surprise appearance at First Travel's offices.

Ueberroth recalls, "One day I came off the tennis courts and here were these people from Korn-Ferry in my office offering me the 'opportunity' of taking a 70 percent pay cut to run the Los Angeles Olympic Games."

Ueberroth laughed and then exhibited one of the qualities the search team was looking for—decisiveness. He said no.

"Peter is a forceful, driving person who doesn't tolerate indecision," says Howard Allen, president of Southern California Edison and a member of the SCCOG. "The fact that he had started his own company from scratch, and had prospered in a very tough business, added to his stature. We wanted someone to run the Games; we didn't want the Games to run us."

At the behest of Allen and other notable arm-twisters, Ueberroth began to rethink his decision. Matching himself

continued



These days Ueberroth's main sporting pursuit is skin diving, at which he rates himself "average."

he says, "Emptied honky buckets, took baggage out of the belly, worked the manifest, sold tickets, checked passengers in, woke the crews at the hotel. It was very exciting and interesting."

So much so that in 1959, after picking up his B.S. in business one day and getting married the next, Ueberroth and his bride, Ginny, flew to Honolulu so that he could take an office job with the Independent Airlines Association. Six months later, Kirk Kerkorian, the megabuck financier who at one time was the single largest shareholder in Western Airlines and now controls Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, hired Ueberroth to run the Honolulu office of his non-sked venture, Los Angeles Air Service.

says, "It took me a year to pay off all my obligations."

Once burned, twice determined to tighten his "financial controls," in 1963 Ueberroth started Transportation Consultants International Inc. (TCI). No matter that the name was bigger than his one-room office in a grubby building in Hollywood. By 1967 TCI had built up enough headway for Ueberroth to sell shares to the public and raise \$367,000. Shortly thereafter the boom in the leisure market struck and TCI stock took off like a space shot. In 1972 Ueberroth acquired Ask Mr. Foster Travel Service Inc., a venerable chain of travel agencies, for \$676,000 and expanded its offices from 38 to more than 100 worldwide. A year

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Ueberroth

continued

against the profile of the ideal presidential candidate drawn up by the selection committee, he allowed. "Well, I was between the ages of 40 and 55. I did live in the Los Angeles area. I loved sports. I was chairman of a company with revenues of more than \$100 million. I was fiscally conservative. I had international experience, had traveled widely and met with heads of state." Finally, Ueberroth concluded that perhaps the profile was "sort of like me."

Ginny Ueberroth begs to differ. "No, it wasn't like him," she says. "It was him."

Fate had obviously called. Ueberroth accepted the job and immediately purchased all the reports of the previous Olympic organizing committees dating back to the 1932 Games—28 volumes in all, each roughly the size of the L.A. phone book.

Ueberroth adjudged the expense side of all the reports "a disaster." But in them he also saw the "financial window" that would light the way to a debt-free Olympics. He says, "I found that if you took one item, one line off the cost of an Olympics—construction—they all would've made money."

Emerging from his studies in the spring of 1979, Ueberroth discovered that the LAOOC didn't have buck one in the bank. "In fact, it didn't have a bank account," he says, "and there was no office, no desk or a phone. Nothing. So I went to the bank, took \$100 out of my pocket, opened an account and called it the LAOOC account." Then, after taking office space in the Alcoa Towers at Century City, he arrived at the doors of the LAOOC's new headquarters on his first official day on the job and his key didn't fit. The locks had been changed. Alas, before signing the final lease, the landlords had run a credit check on the dreamers who were going to try to fashion Olympic Games out of the thinnest of air and decided that this was one Great Experiment they wanted no part of.

By chance, Ueberroth met two insurance men on the elevator who were va-

cating their offices with 60 days still remaining on their lease. Sixty days, Ueberroth thought, enough time to get his show on the road and make other leasing arrangements. Was it possible? "Sure, go ahead, move right in," said one of the insurance men. "We aren't going to be using the space."

Finally if inauspiciously in business, Ueberroth addressed himself to the first and most important matter of business: negotiating the sale of the TV rights. He figured the best way to find out how much money the TV people were willing to give was to find out how much they were going to get. So before consulting

for the boycott, were much lower than Ueberroth's. "Peter is the guy who raised our sights from \$100 million to \$225 million," says Argue. "and that was important to us."

So was ABC's agreement to provide, at a cost of \$70 million to the network, a broadcast center and programming services that allow the LAOOC to sell foreign broadcast rights as well. All told, with European rights going for \$19.2 million, Australian for \$10.6 and others still being negotiated, the LAOOC's total broadcast revenues are expected to be \$360 million, one-third of which goes to the IOC.

Holding to his credo—

"We're not paying for the construction of anything"—Ueberroth planned to pass that privilege on to qualified sponsors. But first, the committee had to deal with the powerful federations that rule each sport and are accustomed to demanding—and getting—the most luxurious facilities for the Olympics.

To smooth the way, Ueberroth initiated another first: appointing commissioners for each sport to deal with the federations "on a one-to-one basis and make them feel really good about our preparations for the Games."

Asked why the pinchpenny LAOOC was paying the commissioners, mainly people of prominence and means, a token \$5,000 salary, he explained, "So that we can fire them if necessary. You can't fire volunteers."

The big wheels of cycling will have their new world-class velodrome in 1984, but it's outdoors and cost only \$4 million. The Southland Corp., owners of the 7-Eleven stores, has picked up the tab for the velodrome, already completed on the campus of California State University, Dominguez Hills. Likewise, McDonald's Corp. has put up \$4 million for a new 11,000-seat swim stadium, also affresco, that is abutting on the USC campus, plus \$5 million for the exclusive fast-food concession at the Games. And Atlantic Richfield Co. is spending \$9 million to refurbish the Coliseum and build six new

continued



Ueberroth, with ball, was a water polo star at San Jose State

with the LAOOC's TV committee, he "went to the other side, the advertising industry, and got three friends to give me low, medium and high projections of what they thought the network's revenues would be for the Olympics."

After working out a composite estimate, which turned out to be uncannily close to ABC's current projection of \$475 million in revenues from the sale of more than 3,000 minutes of commercial time at \$250,000 for a 30-second prime-time spot, Ueberroth said, "It became evident that there was some margin in there that was probably available to us."

High as they were, the LAOOC's original hopes for its TV deal, based on the \$25 million ABC anted up for the Montreal Games and the \$87 million NBC agreed to pay for the Moscow Games be-

Ueberroth

continued

ARCO Olympic training tracks around the city. All the new facilities will be donated to the schools and/or the community after the Games.

Ueberroth's sponsorship program is as straightforward as one, two, three. "If a sponsor wants to take part in the Games," he says, "they have to: one, make a major financial commitment, two, adhere to our standard of commercial integrity, and three, prove they have

Ueberroth's approach is right out of Marketing 101: "Limit sponsorship to the top corporations in a few select product categories. Keep it exclusive, make it like a private club to increase the value of being a sponsor/partner." Then lay on a minimum entrance fee of \$4 million and push such club benefits as the exclusive use of the Games' official mascot, Sam the Eagle, a cutesy Disney creation, in advertising campaigns.

editorial staff will have full and final control. SI's news coverage of the Games will be totally independent of this business contract.)

The Olympics is such a seller's market, in fact, that Ueberroth accomplished the slick feat of selling his "decommercialized Games" to his commercialized partners. "Our restrictions on our sponsors are more severe than even the IOC rules," he says. "There will be no signs of any kind in any stadium. We've even restricted the airspace overhead."

As for Ueberroth's pet project, the sponsorship of youth sports programs, he says it stems from an awareness that, for kids 13 and over, organized sports in America are geared to developing only "elitest athletes" at the expense of the vast majority of the nation's youth. Therefore, in addition to having sponsors contribute to a \$1 million fund for purchasing tickets to the Games for underprivileged kids, Ueberroth is pushing the LAOOC Youth Activities Program. Converse, for example, with Magic Johnson as chairman, is sponsoring a series of halfcourt, three-on-three basketball tournaments in Los Angeles, New York and Washington, D.C. Also underway are the ARCO Jesse Owens Games, the Buick Olympic Youth Synchronized Swimming Championship, the Anheuser-Busch Olympic Youth Gymnastic Tournament, the Easton Olympic Archery Tournaments and the Coca-Cola Olympic Youth Soccer Tournament.

Other Ueberrothian measures: The tradition of granting the radio rights to the Games free of charge was abandoned, the LAOOC exacting \$500,000 from the ABC Radio Network for the honor; the organizing committee won't foot the bill—as has been the practice—for the large congresses, the various sports federations and the IOC hold in the host city immediately preceding the Games, thus saving approximately \$17 million; and there will be no free limo service, either, for the legions of officials, real and self-appointed, who descend on the Games. Not to be inhospitable, LAOOC staffers have been using their own cars to pick up Olympic emissaries at the airport, which in one case meant that two Soviet dignitaries were introduced to the L.A. freeway system in a 13-year-old family sedan.

continued



Babe Didrikson (right), the 1932 hurdles and javelin winner, was the favorite of L.A.'s crowds.

a long-term commitment to youth and sports."

Though he is charging companies as much as 10 times the going rates at previous Olympics, Ueberroth claims, "We turn down four sponsors for every one we accept. It's a matter of quality. The Olympics is a special international event, not a honky-tonk carnival. It should be held with dignity and style, and that's what we're doing on the commercial side. We're not going to have an official doughnut. No official hair spray or gumdrops. I thought the sponsorship of Lake Placid was distasteful, but worse, the economics were bad."

Among the 23 sponsors who have enrolled so far are Coca-Cola (\$15 million), Anheuser-Busch (\$11 million), Levi Strauss (\$8 million), Converse (\$5 million), Buick (\$5 million), United Airlines (\$4 million) and SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. (The publisher of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED has a sponsorship contract with the LAOOC that calls for payments to the LAOOC which could exceed \$4 million and which provides that promotional considerations, including tickets, be given to SI's business staff before and during the Games. In conjunction with this agreement, SI will produce a special Olympic Preview issue, over which its



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Ueberroth

continued

Ueberroth is not inherently cheap, claims Harry Usher, the general manager of the L.A. Games. "He just wants to make sure he's getting all the cluck for his buck." For the 200 salaried people on the LAOOC staff at present, as compared to the 2,000 workers Montreal had on the Olympic payroll at the same juncture, the feeling is contagious. "I think the biggest saving," Usher says, "is the creation of an atmosphere in which everyone who works here has a sense that they have to pack in a full day's work and we're going to stay lean and mean. Peter sets that tone and it just kind of ripples on down."

When he does leave his desk, it is for a 30-minute chauffeured drive from the LAOOC offices to his home in Encino. There, along with Ginny, their three daughters and a son plus three dogs, he raises oranges, grapefruits, tangerines, peaches, kumquats and wine grapes on three acres. With a pool, family paddleball and basketball games and, inevitably, roundtable debates at the supper hour, the Ueberroth lifestyle is "forward-moving all the time," says Ginny.

Ueberroth does his serious unwinding at their summer place near Laguna Beach that he was attracted to as a boy. "We bought a little place there on the beach several years ago and everyone laughed and said how dumb we were to buy it," he says. "It was a ratty, ramshackle thing, but Ginny redid it and now it's spectacular, just spectacular. It's also fantastic for skin diving. I'm pretty average, but we can get out there and catch corbina and halibut. Not with spear guns. Just with a sling—a spear with a piece of surgical tubing. It's really sporting."

The family fish fries are spelled by outings for tennis, skiing and golf, at which, Ueberroth says, "I've developed a high degree of mediocrity." Actually, he's accomplished enough on the golf course to

have finished fifth with his partner, Gary Koch, in the 1980 Bing Crosby Pro-Am.

But into each idyllic strain must fall; when not fending off complaints about the LAOOC being too secretive and uncommunicative, Ueberroth is denying claims that he will use the Games as a springboard to high political office.

"I don't like the public thing," Ueberroth insists. "I think I'm good at running something, and a politician doesn't run anything." Not that he hasn't thought

Right now, though, the future for Ueberroth is 1984. The present is "grind time," he says. "We must grind away on every detail. You don't get a second chance with the Olympics. You have to do it right the first time."

Right or wrong, for all the interest and enthusiasm shown by the citizenry to date, Ueberroth might just as well be staging a PTA dance recital. "It's true," he says. "The only following we have so far is among the young and the older people who were at the 1932

Games. It's really a bright thing in their memories." And among other similarities, he's certain that the XXIII Olympiad is merely passing through the same kind of fall that preceded the storms of affection for the X Olympiad a half-century ago. Perhaps as a reminder, he keeps a banner from those Games hanging in his office, with the Olympic motto prominent: *Citius, Altius, Fortius*: faster, higher, stronger.

Then as now, Ueberroth explains, the times were hard. "Many people objected to holding the Games in Los Angeles and some even stoned the offices of the organizing committee. Many nations said they wouldn't come. People were saying they wouldn't buy tickets. And there was an attempt to give the Games back."

But then, six months before the Olympics opened—prelude—the attitude of the entire city changed. "The enthusiasm took hold," Ueberroth says.

"The people cleaned up the city, planted wildflowers in vacant lots. In the midst of the Depression they queued up for tickets and the Games were sold out."

Ueberroth vows that history will repeat itself. Make no mistake, he says, "This city is going to celebrate the Games. They will become a rallying point of pride in this country." And perhaps provide a rallying cry for future Olympics: cheaper, simpler, truer! **END**



Even in the Depression, L.A. draped its feet for the 1932 Games.

about life after the Games. Nine months after taking the LAOOC job, which pays him \$115,000 a year plus expenses, he sold First Travel to Carlson Companies, Inc. of Minneapolis for \$10.1 million, and he now wants to expand his horizons. "Most likely," he says, "I'll try to find a major corporation that's in trouble. That's the fun of doing something. The bigger the company and the more disastrous its position, the more it would interest me."

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Reminiscence

by RALPH GRAVES

GETTING IN TOUCH WITH THE LAND CAN BE HARD ON A PRESIDENTIAL PROSPECT

The first time I fell off, I didn't actually fall. I was dragged.

It was my first day on the ranch, and I had been on the horse for six hours. By that time my legs ached from ankle to hipbone, and my back and shoulders were no better. I was so miserable, waiting for it all to end, that I didn't see the low-slung, jury-rigged telephone wire that stretched seven or eight feet above the ground between slim, wide-spaced poles. The other two riders ducked under it. I rode into it. The wire hit me at chest level and slid to throat level before I was even aware of it. At a trot or a gallop I would have been garrotted, possibly beheaded. At a slow walk I was simply dragged backward—out of the stirrups, out of the saddle. I slid slowly over my horse's rump and thudded to the ground.

In touch with the land? That was why I was here. My father had told me over many dinner tables that all the great Presidents had been in touch with the land. It was too early to say whether I was presidential timber, but in case I was, I'd better get in touch with the land. Look at Washington, Lincoln, Teddy Roosevelt. In his youth my father had spent a year on a ranch and had loved it. Riding was the greatest exercise in the world and would do wonders for me in the sports I really cared about: baseball, basketball, tennis. What better time for me than the year between high school

and college? So here I was, age 17, 35 miles south of Alpine, Texas, on some 275,000 acres of the O-2 Ranch, running for President.

The foreman, Mr. Billingsley, who didn't realize he was my campaign manager, had been handed me by the ranch owner, a college friend of my father's. Mr. Billingsley didn't take kindly to this assignment, and I couldn't blame him. I had never been on even a dude ranch, much less a serious working ranch like the O-2. I had spent scarcely any time on horseback, none of it in a Western saddle. I didn't know anything about cattle beyond the fact that they were supposed to provide meat and milk, and I had never mended a fence. But Mr. Billingsley was stuck with me and was responsible for my survival. He made the best of it.

Of the 25 horses on the ranch, three were so old, so lame or so decrepit that they should have been sold for dogmeat. They were no longer fit for hard ranch work, but my presence gave them one more year of life. Because they were deemed safe, they became my string, and they too made the best of it. None of them had thrown a rider in years, but now they had something to work with. I rejuvenated them.

The telephone-wire horse was a fat, placid black named Prince. When I was dragged off him, he simply stopped to rest. Mr. Billingsley rode over to check that I wasn't seriously injured and told me to climb back on. Even though Prince was standing stock-still, something he never did after our subsequent separations, I could barely haul myself onto his back to complete our painful return to the corral.

My second horse, Bootlegger, was a

sorry sorrel who must have earned his spitefully name long ago. A small, thin, infinitely wussy animal, he had one goal in his declining years: comfort. He knew only one way to get it: Whenever he was being saddled, he puffed himself up until the cinch had been drawn tight. Then he relaxed, letting out his breath. Bootlegger had a full chest expansion of only about two inches, but his trick meant that during a long working day the cinch would be loose instead of snug, like wearing a belt a notch or two less than firm. Unfortunately, that also meant that the whole saddle apparatus was a notch or two less than firm and subject to slippage during sharp turns. Bootlegger got me the first day I rode him.

During what struck me as a wild gallop, although it was only a puny effort to keep up with a running steer, we had to make a sudden change in direction. Bootlegger obediently made the turn, but the saddle didn't. It slid off his shoulder and I followed it—all the way to the ground. In touch with the land again.

Bootlegger was smarter than Prince. As soon as he had lost me, he took off for the corral. I would have had a five-mile walk home if the real cowboy working with me hadn't seen what happened. He rode after Bootlegger and brought him back to the presidential candidate.

Bootlegger pulled his trick, which I didn't even recognize as a trick, several times with the same result before Mr. Billingsley stepped in. While I was saddling Bootlegger the fourth time, Mr. Billingsley said, "That horse is foxing you." He couldn't believe that a horse one step from the boneyard was outwitting an O-2 employee, but it wasn't going to outwit him. He kicked Bootlegger hard in the belly, and the horse let out a startled whoosh. Before Bootlegger could puff up once again, Mr. Billingsley took two more notches in the cinch. That day I didn't fall off. But having been brought up to be kind to animals, I couldn't give Bootlegger that fierce kick. Instead, I learned to wait him out. He could hold his breath only so long, especially at his age, and when he had to relax before taking another deep breath, I was ready for a quick pull on the cinch, gaining one or two notches and perhaps a full day in the saddle.

My third horse was known to Mr. Billingsley as "that old lame gray." As a 17-year-old cowboy, I couldn't bear this unromantic designation for my steed, so to

Illustration by Billie Spence



me he was secretly known as Gray Eagle. A more appropriate name would have been Lame Gray Eagle because he did have a crippled left hind ankle that produced a most unusual gait. Trotting him was like flying an airplane through high turbulence. Galloping him was like being inside a milkshake mixer.

Of all my string, Gray Eagle was least given to misbehavior, even under my inspired leadership. Favoring his bad leg, he would put up with almost anything. I finally drove him out of his lethargy one day when we were mending fences. Riding through cactus, I had picked up a sharp-pronged hulk on the stirrup leather. I didn't notice it, but I never noticed anything until too late. After dismounting to staple a strand of barbed wire to a fence post, I returned to my horse. Turning the stirrup inward as I had been taught, I jammed my foot in and rose smoothly toward the saddle. I was in midair when the inch-long cactus spikes sank into Gray Eagle's flank. The sharp message reached his dozing brain; he forgot who he was and actually bucked, hurling me clear over the saddle and into the barbed wire. A few minor scratches for me, but Gray Eagle went right on hacking, carried away by the excitement of his lost youth. For the months that he and I remained together—off and on—he was never the same. None of my horses was ever the same, once I had shown them the way.

Whole days passed, 12- and 14-hour days, when I didn't fall off, but these were infrequent. There were so many opportunities to get in touch with the land. A jackrabbit suddenly darting in front of my horse, a quick shy and a quick aerial dismount. A rattlesnake whirring unexpectedly from beneath a mesquite bush, a snort and jump, and a fall. My horse approaching a narrow two-foot ravine and, instead of taking it, an abrupt stop, then a plunge forward as I plunged backward. Urging my horse at a gallop into unnoticed muddy ground into which his legs sank, bringing him to a halt—but not me. Falling asleep in the saddle at the end of a long day, just when my horse scented home and broke into a canter. Once I hit the ground still fast asleep.

I don't know what any of this was doing for my baseball game, but I was never seriously hurt, not even on the day when I fell off Prince three times in three different ways. That horse actually whinnied with pride when turned loose in the

continued

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Money
MAKE THE MOST OF IT.



WHY I'M A UNITED WAY VOLUNTEER



STEPHEN GRAHAM

Home: Seattle, Washington

Career: Attorney

Age: 29 **Married:** One daughter

Interests: Hiking, writing, cartooning, bicycling and volunteering for United Way

I'm meeting all kinds of people who are doing the same

"Most important of all, I'm learning more about human care needs. And how—as a United Way volunteer—I can make a difference here in Seattle. It's a valuable lesson in leadership.

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"Because there's more to my life than just me.

"Like being with my family. Hiking along the timber line. And getting involved in my community.

"Volunteering for United Way adds another dimension to my life. I'm putting my skills to work for the benefit of the entire community. And



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REMINISCENCE *Continued*

corral that evening, but I had only half a dozen horses. Tough lumber.

Mr. Billingsley, who was responsible for getting me off the ranch alive, was hard-pressed at roundup time. Now, instead of a couple of us mending fences or bringing sick cattle back to the corral for doctoring, he had to hire a dozen extra hands to bring in 5,000 steers for shipment north. I had been looking forward to this seminal event, the end of the year, roundup time in Texas, just as we'll see, swayan swartin' with a posse of real cowboys, of whom I could count myself one. But to Mr. Billingsley the vision of my riding and falling for four days among 5,000 ornery, hysterical steers was more than he could tolerate. The morning that roundup began, while all my new colleagues were saddling up, he told me I was to be cook's helper. I spent the culmination of my career collecting mesquite root for the cook's fire and washing the cook's pots and pans, which were rusty and dirty. The working cowboys insulted the cook before, during and after every meal for his peccadilloes, but I didn't even get a dishonorable mention.

When I left the fi-2, I didn't go on to become President. I never even won a primary. If there was any improvement in my baseball, basketball or tennis prowess, it was indiscernible. But having been in touch with the land more often and in more ways than my father had ever imagined, I did promise myself that I would never again ride a horse. Never. It was a promise I kept for 40 years.

Last year I broke it. Trapped in a business meeting in a dude ranch in Wyoming and with a certain amount of professional honor at stake, I was persuaded to join the gang on an afternoon ride. I asked for and secured a horse that was "not too spunted," claiming a bad back. I didn't possess. Checking to make sure there was no cactus embedded in the stirrup, I climbed aboard, and there I was—back in the saddle again, out where a friend is a friend. I waited while the rest of the group mounted.

The best rider among us, a business friend who keeps his own horses, looked me over appraisingly. Finally he said, "You have a very nice seat."

Was there a snort from Mr. Billingsley in Valhalla? A trio of snorts from my string in the Great Corral? No matter.

"Thanks," I said in the casual voice of an old cowboy. Some things are even better than being President.

END



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SOUP IS GOOD FOOD



Nostalgia

by WALTER BINGHAM

AS A BOY, THE AUTHOR LOGGED LOTS OF TIME LISTENING TO CORNELL FOOTBALL

While visiting my daughter Liza at Cornell recently, I stopped by an off-campus hangout called the Chapter House and, as I waited for a beer, I looked at the wall above the bar and saw my youth. There in a frame was the game-by-game record of the undefeated 1939 Big Red football team, along with charcoal sketches, Sardi's style, of half a dozen of its leading players. It came as a jolt because I had completely divorced my daughter's Cornell from the one I, as a boy, had spent Saturdays cheering, and sometimes crying for, the Cornell my father and grandfather—but not I—went to. After all, 40 years had passed, but looking at that record on the wall of the C House, memories I had submerged began to surface.

To younger college football fans it may seem absurd, but for a couple of seasons just before the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor and changed everything, Cornell had as good a football team as there was in the country. Beginning in 1938 and continuing until the next-to-last game of the 1940 season, the Big Red went 18 games without a loss. These included two victories over Ohio State, the first of which was almost as improbable as if it were to happen now.

In those days my father and I had a Saturday afternoon ritual. We were living with his father and mother in East Orange, N.J., in a large old house, which has long since given way to an apartment complex. We would go to the barn, take out a couple of deck chairs and carry them to the back of the property where there was a pile of logs. Dad would get a log, stand it on its end and put the portable Philco on it. Then, sitting in the warm autumn sun and sheltered from the breeze by the logs, we would listen to the broadcast of that day's Cornell game. At halftime we would play catch with a football. Mostly Dad would throw and I'd catch, racing down under his long, arcing passes, sometimes diving into a pile of leaves to make the grab. He would be, of course, the Cornell tailback, while I'd be any one

of several receivers. We would always return to the log pile with Cornell having won our backyard game 77-0.

Looking at the record of that '39 team, I noticed the score 20-7. Cornell over Princeton, and realized that it had been the first college game I'd ever seen. I recalled some details of the day clearly: Dad and I driving to Palmer Stadium in Princeton, and my crying at halftime, when the teams left the field with the Tigers leading 7-6, because I thought the game was over. Cornell had lost. I supposed, until my father told me otherwise. I also vividly remembered one second-half play. Our seats were adjacent to one end zone, while the action was virtually in the other, with Cornell facing our way. There was a flurry of activity as the ball was centered, and suddenly here came a

time. A halfback named Whit Baker had gone 87 yards for a touchdown, but there was no mention of a Peck. For several moments I sat stunned. Surely I hadn't imagined that run or those halftime tears. Confused, I leafed through the Cornell record book and found the answer. Two years earlier Cornell had beaten Princeton by the identical score. And yes, George Peck, another back, had taken the ball on a reverse, swung to his left and then lateraled to Baker. That was on Oct. 9, 1937 with 40,000 of us watching. It all made sense. I was only seven, not nine. At nine I would've known the game wasn't over, although I'm not sure I was above crying.

Cornell won its first two games and went undefeated in its last four during the 1938 season, and it was also uncovered upon well into the final quarter in its only other game. Then all hell broke loose, which taught me never to get up from the radio to play with my friends until a game was absolutely, without question, over.

The Big Red led Syracuse 10-0 with nine minutes to play. Syracuse had a quarter-back named Wilmet Sidi-Singh, a basketball player via DeWitt Clinton High in New York City who had never played organized football until the year before. Sidi-Singh threw for a touchdown to make it 10-6, but when Ken Brown ran back the ensuing kickoff 92 yards to make it 17-6 with five minutes left, I took leave of my father to join some pals who were playing football in a nearby school yard. Presently, my father came by to say that Syracuse had just won 19-17. He might as well have said that Christmas had been canceled. Sidi-Singh had thrown for a quick TD, and then a foolish Cornell back, trapped, had lateraled the ball—right into the hands of a Syracuse man. Sidi-Singh threw another TD pass and, bingo, the Big Red was a sudden loser. That was Oct. 15, 1938. Cornell's next defeat wouldn't be for two years.

The highlight of 1939 was the victory over Ohio State—in Columbus. The pregame buildup was much the same as it is today when undefeated teams from different conferences tangle, say, Oklahoma and USC or Alabama and Nebraska. Except there was a suspicion in the heartland that the Ivy League no longer played big-time football, that its dominance was



Big Red runner named Baker or Peck—for years I hadn't been able to remember which—racing up the sideline at my right. At midfield he was corralled by a couple of Tigers, but before he was brought down, he dished off the ball to Peck or Baker, who dashed untouched into my end zone for a touchdown.

In search of specifics on that game, I went through microfilms of *The New York Times* not long ago and was appalled to discover that, while the final score on Oct. 14, 1939 was indeed 20-7 and the game had been played in Palmer Stadium, Cornell had led 20-0 at half-

continued

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over. The assumption was basically correct but, in this case, slightly premature.

To emphasize the confidence that he had in his team, Buckeye Coach Francis Schmidt skipped out the day before the game and went duck hunting. Three radio networks, as well as reporters from all over, were on hand to cover the game. Cornell alumni from the Midwest poured into Columbus, Ohio State took the opening kickoff and did exactly what you would expect it to do, even though this was 12 years before Woody Hayes arrived as coach. The Buckeyes went 86 yards in 19 plays, none of them passes, to lead 7-0. They then held the Big Red and marched 72 yards for a second touchdown to make the score 14-0 early in the second quarter.

Which is where I came in, sitting amid the logs in East Orange. I'm not sure why my father and I missed the first quarter, but I do recall that my despair over the score lasted only a few seconds—or until Walter Scholl broke off tackle and went 79 yards to make it 14-7. After that Cornell was a swarm of gnats attacking a water buffalo. At halftime I made several diving catches and, when play resumed, Cornell did too. The final score was 23-14.

This grand era of Cornell football ended with the penultimate game of 1940; it is a game that remains famous after all these years, though few fans recall that it broke a long winning streak. The Big Red, having ripped off six straight victories in '39, including a 21-7 triumph over Ohio State, had outscored its rivals 181-13. The game was played at Dartmouth on a drizzly afternoon in mid-November. Cornell was a heavy favorite over 3-4 Dartmouth, but the field was so slippery that neither team made much headway until Dartmouth returned a punt 50 yards early in the fourth quarter and kicked a field goal. With 2½ minutes remaining and the Big Red still behind 3-0, Cornell got the ball on its own 42 for what clearly would be its final chance.

I wasn't sitting by the woodpile for this one. I was in my grandfather's huge dark living room, my ear to a radio that stood about as high as a bureau. After a couple of completions as well as a pass interference call, Cornell was at the Dartmouth six. Three plays later the Big Red was on the one, but before the deciding play could take place, an official was walking the ball back to the six. Too many time-outs. A field goal seemed pru-

dent, but Cornell went for the TD. Unfortunately, a pass was batted down in the end zone. Referee Red Friesell started to give the ball to Dartmouth, then ruled that Cornell had one more down. Dartmouth Captain Lou Young protested in vain to Friesell and with only three seconds left, a Big Red halfback named Bill Murphy made a leaping catch in the end zone of a pass from Scholl. In New Jersey, I leaped as high as Murphy.

The next morning the *Times* ran the headline: DISPUTED CORNELL PLAY TOPS DARTMOUTH, 7-3, AT FINISH. But unbeknownst to me, a calm and gentlemanly investigation was taking place. No threats, no name-calling. Cornell President Edmund E. Day announced that "if the officials in charge of today's Dartmouth-Cornell game rule after investigation that there were five downs in the final series of plays, and that the winning touchdown was made on an illegal fifth down, the score of the game between Dartmouth and Cornell would be recorded as Dartmouth 3, Cornell 0." Dartmouth's Earl (Red) Blak, soon to coach Doc Blanchard and Glenn Davis at Army, called Friesell "a great referee."

The possibility existed that the head linesman had ruled both teams offside on fourth down. But Head Linesman Joe McKenney hadn't made any such ruling, and Friesell admitted that, upon reviewing the press charts and film of the game, it was clear he alone had been in error.

Asa Bushnell, head of the Eastern Intercollegiate Football Association, said he was powerless to intercede. "Our association has no authority in the matter," he said, and Friesell said his own "jurisdiction ceased at the close of the game." Thus Cornell could have let the 7-3 result stand. But Cornell Athletic Director James Lynch issued a statement that "Cornell relinquishes claim to the victory and extends congratulations to Dartmouth." Dartmouth in turn praised Cornell for its sportsmanship and its winning streak.

Cornell lost a thriller to Penn the next week and the season was over. I suppose my father and I listened to the '41 games out by the log pile, but I don't remember, perhaps because the Big Red was only 5-3 that season. After that came the war, and when it was over, my grandparents were dead, we had moved from the house, and I had better things to do on Saturday afternoons in the fall. Just what they were I don't recall.

END



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Edited by GAY FLOOD

JUNIOR TENNIS LESSONS

Sir,

The article (The Glitter Has Gone, Nov. 8) on Lon Kosten by Barry McDermott should be required reading for every parent who has a child in sports. It is extremely well written and touched me to my heart.

Twelve years ago, my son Gene held a host of age-group world records. He was written up in *FALES IN THE CROWD* (Aug. 30, 1971). At age 10 he told me that he didn't want to run again. I felt he let me down by not continuing to run. He felt that I let him down by taking away a piece of his childhood. There were some very difficult times, but now we are good friends.

Congratulations to Lori. She is a great lady and is to be congratulated for having a mind of her own. We can all learn from her.

GABE MIRKEN, M.D.
Silver Spring, Md.

Sir,

Having been involved in coaching for 13 years, I particularly appreciated Barry McDermott's article on Lon Kosten and the not-so-fun side of junior tennis. Although my sport is swimming, not tennis, I think the article revealed a problem inherent in all children's athletics, i.e., the all-consuming need to win.

I personally have seen parents berate their children for not winning, regardless of the caliber of their youngsters' performances, thereby eliminating their one true source of consolation. I have seen it in football, baseball and even soccer. It happens with young basketball players, gymnasts and swimmers.

I have always believed that parents are the greatest teachers any child will ever have. As a parent and a coach, I can testify that this is true. Every parent who has a child involved in athletics should take stock of what Lon has to say and of what the article has to say in general. By putting on a youngster the kind of pressure to win that even an adult would have trouble handling, we are not only destroying the child's spirit but also the sports we say we love. If a sport cannot be fun, get out. Winning isn't everything.

BILL BAKER
Athletic Director
Olympia Athletic Club
Fort Wayne, Ind.

Sir,

As an avid tennis player, USTA sectional officer and tennis club manager, I have been around players and parents who have subjected themselves and others to the pressure of competitive tennis. Their responses and reactions to these pressures resembled those of the

junior players and parents cited in Barry McDermott's article. What I fail to understand are the coaches and parents who instill expectations of tennis greatness in these juniors yet offer no alternative but further pressures if these expectations are not met. Why should Lon Kosten have felt she was a failure for being the No. 3 12-year-old in the U.S.?

In the final paragraph of the article Nick Bollettieri said that with the proper attitude and his coaching, Lon could be on the pro tour within two years. He appears to be suggesting that Lon again face a deadline to fulfill high expectations. I hope that this time around her love of the sport will win out over timetables, outsiders and goals. Good luck, Lori!

CHRIS ROBB
Manager
The Wyndford Club
York, Pa.

Sir,

Your remarkable story was especially interesting to me, because I have had an experience in tennis similar to that of Lon Kosten and the others, but at a lower level of competition. I come from a small community where I became an all-star in tennis. A lot of people had great expectations of my going on to play in college, yet deep down I knew there would be no college tennis for me because I was mentally "burned out." Today, two years later, I am happily attending Arizona State—and not playing serious tennis. I'll never forget the tension, high blood pressure and temper tantrums that caused me to quit that side of the sport.

DAN B (DEACON) EWING
Tempe, Ariz.

Sir,

As a high school coach of freshman football and baseball teams, I run into parents every day who are reliving their lost childhoods through their children. This appears to be especially prevalent in the younger age groups. Children are pushed to perform to their utmost ability, and they learn at an early age to use any tactics necessary to gain an edge on their competition.

What's truly unfortunate is that these children can develop inflated egos. With their parents constantly extolling their athletic abilities, it becomes impossible for the kids to see through the fog of accolades. They are unable to discover who they really are, and this can have a devastating effect on them in their later school years. It can be especially hard for them to take when they reach high school and compete against other athletes of equal ability. No longer are they the superathletes their

parents told them they were. Rather, they may be lucky just to be as good as the rest—and what's wrong with that?

DOL GLAVA, EMMY
Norwich, N.Y.

Sir,

While pushing athletics to the limit may improve their athletic abilities, it is imperative for coaches, parents and peers to realize that an athlete's physical limits are not his or her only barrier. I think that you did a great job in showing that the price athletes pay for success may be higher than many of us realize.

FRED FUK
Allentown, Pa.

YOUNG RUNNERS

Sir,

Your *FACE IN THE CROWD* item (Oct. 18) on Danny Mueller, a 9-year-old marathoner, could be construed as an endorsement of long-distance running for children. This is unfortunate because the most recent orthopedic and pediatric research shows potentially hazardous results in youngsters from such endurance activities. As a matter of fact, the American Academy of Pediatrics has issued a position paper warning against long-distance events for prepubescent children. In addition, some American Alliance for Health, Physical Education, Recreation and Dance researchers have suggested, for physical and psychological reasons, that youngsters not participate in competitive endurance events before age 10. I hope that SI will use its influence to caution parents and children against premature endurance activities.

LINDA K. BRINKER, Ph.D.
Director
Motor Learning Laboratory
University of Virginia
Charlottesville, Va.

SCOTT REPPERT'S EXAMPLE

Sir,

What a welcome change! Jill Lieber's story on Lawrence University Running Back Scott Reppert (*Appleton's Apple Pie Guy*, Nov. 8) was a ray of sunshine on an otherwise bleak sports horizon. When the daily sports report becomes a mélange of strikes, cases of drug abuse, litigations and prohibitions, it is refreshing to see a young man with the qualities of compassion and empathy that are so evident in Reppert.

As an educator who has observed the delinquent edge of the current sports scene on today's youth, I can only hope that there are more Scott Repperts who are learning to keep everything in perspective.

BILL KILTON
Rock Springs, Wyo.
continued



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19TH HOLE *(continued)*

Sir

After reading the story about Scott Reppert, I feel reassured that there are excellent models for our young people to look up to, and that at least some of our youngsters are being taught the value of sharing life with others and not just seeing what you can get from the world no matter what the price.

Too often those people who have been lifted to the ranks of "superstar" are the ones our youth aspire to imitate. However, the number who make it to the top is so small compared to the number seeking those positions that we have to help our young people off & lead them and bring them back down into the real world of their potential.

Reppert has shown that his values in life are in good order. Congratulations for discovering a new hero.

ROY MILIA

Director

Religious Education Office

Saint Pius X Elementary School

Rochester, Minn.

BONEHEADED TRADE?

Sir

Jack Filla's article (*He's the Hundsmog of the Devils*, Nov. 8) on Chico Resch and the New Jersey Devils was very well done, except for one statement. He refers to the trade of Barry Beck to the New York Rangers as one of two boneheaded front office moves by the team, then known as the Colorado Rockies, and notes that the four players received in the deal are no longer with the franchise.

As general manager of the Rockies at the time and the person instrumental in negotiating the trade, I beg to differ with Filla. We received five players and \$750,000 in cash for Beck, a good and talented defenseman. It is true that none of the players involved is still with the franchise. However, three of those players were subsequently traded for players who are with the Devils: Mike McEwen was swapped for the Islanders' Steve Tambellini and Chico Resch, Pat Hickey for Joel Quenneville (also involved in that deal with Toronto) was Wilf Patera for Larry McDougal. Lucien DeBlois for Brent Ashton and Winnipeg's third-round choice in the 1982 entry draft.

Don Lever and Bob MacMillan were subsequently acquired by my successor, Billy MacMillan, in a trade for McDougal. And the team used Winnipeg's third-round draft choice to pick a good prospect in Dave Kasper.

Now, does Filla still think the Barry Beck deal was a boneheaded move?

RAY MINON

Broken Arrow, Okla.

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to The Editor, Sports Illustrated, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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